

The New Humphrey *Albert A. Eisele*

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Women as Property

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Agnew on the Road — *John Osborne*

Chained Campuses — *Stephen Solomon*

The Student Vote — *Erik Jansson*

Aid Fiasco — *Roger Glass*

A Feast of a Film — *Stanley Kauffman*

THE Atlantic

OCTOBER 1970

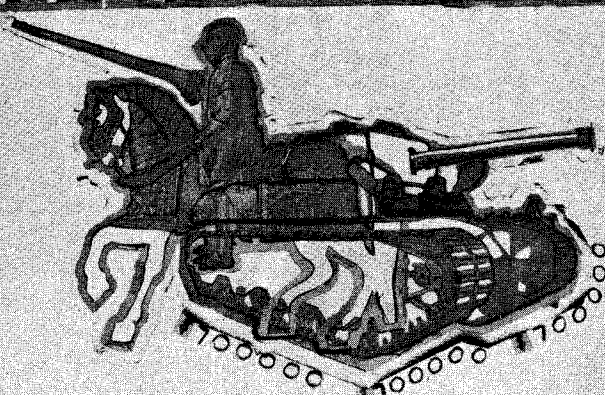
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Nixon's Revolution

Well, here we go again; President Nixon is pleading with Congress for a final, now-or-never, effort to pass his Family Assistance Program in the war on poverty. The "war on poverty"—? Where have we heard that haunting phrase before? It is as evocative as the scent of an old love letter found in a forgotten bureau drawer; and yet it only happened yesterday. It is the war we lost.

President Kennedy was dead in 1964 and President Johnson affirmed the dynamic commitment "to eliminate the paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty." He said, "it is right, because it is wise, and because, for the first time in our history, it is possible to conquer poverty." That was March, 1964. And incredible as it seems, Congress passed the extraordinary legislation by summer! Things hummed in those days. For contrast, note that Mr. Nixon unveiled his own bold welfare reform program in early August, a year ago—it is still a toss-up whether it will survive the knives of Republican and Democratic senators.

Hopes were high in those days; anything was possible. Presenting a five-year program to Congress in 1966, Sargent Shriver, OEO director, said that poverty really and truly could be eliminated in 10 years, or by the two hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. What a memorial that would be! The total "poverty gap," he said, for 1966 (i.e., the cost of raising all families above the official poverty line set arbitrarily at about \$3500 for a family of four) would be only \$12 billion the first year and less for each subsequent year.

Congress just laughed. Didn't Shriver know that a war was on—a war over in Vietnam? The President lost interest.

The actual budget he approved for the poverty campaign was \$2 billion, and Congress slashed that. The war on poverty was the first casualty in the war in Southeast Asia; the poor helped finance Vietnam by benefits they lost.

When a war goes sour a defeated nation goes out and counts the cost. That is the problem Mr. Nixon faces. Twenty-four million Americans (12 percent of the population) are still officially "poor." The welfare system that is supposed to sustain them is a mess. Yes, the OEO and its assorted programs have done good but they have just scratched the surface. Only two out of five of the poor are actually reached by public assistance; only one in ten of those needing manpower training gets it. The welfare payments vary fantastically between states; there is an actual disincentive to take jobs in many cases; the poor are watched by unhappy social worker-detectives lest they violate some of the rigid welfare requirements, with an immeasurable loss of human dignity. Furthermore, the cost of running this Rube Goldberg welfare machine on a case by case basis, comes to 10 percent for administration charges.

A study made a couple of years ago revealed that under a dozen different laws 20 federal agencies are authorized to set up 31 different training programs—many of them competing.

Something has to be done about this mess but, before going on to Mr. Nixon's extraordinary new program, let's cast one last, lingering look at the Johnson war. It did win some ground. It did set up the Office of Economic Opportunity, which reminds the Cabinet now and then about the poor. It did pass out funds and gathered statistics, too.

For example, it revealed that there is a brutal connection between a poor family and a large family. "Nothing seems to lock a young woman into poverty as surely," says Joseph Kershaw in a new book *Government Against Poverty* (Brookings, \$6.95) "as having a child out of wedlock, particularly if she is in her teens." A war on poverty isn't apt to get far without birth control, tactfully renamed family planning—as Latin America is discovering. Mr. Kershaw teaches at Williams, and was formerly assistant director of OEO. Poor people, he says, don't usually want more children than

the nonpoor. Family planning is "one of the most effective antipoverty programs." He says that the Sargent Shriver "go-slow policy" in this field "was reversed in 1969, when President Nixon made the problem the subject of a Presidential message." Yet Mr. Kershaw adds that surveys show "there are about 450,000 children born each year who are unwanted at the time of conception." It would seem only fair to give the poor the same option as the nonpoor on the size of their families. It would cost the government maybe \$20 per woman per year for advice and devices, or perhaps \$100 million for five million women of childbearing age if they all took advantage of it, which is unlikely.

So now there is a new attack on poverty. I think that the most extraordinary thing in the stodgy Nixon Administration was the introduction of the Family Assistance Program. It is a revolutionary breakthrough in the area of welfare reform. It would guarantee American families a minimum income. It has elements of the negative income tax. It has plenty of faults and shortcomings, goodness knows, but if disbelieving liberals pinch themselves to find out if they are dreaming and believe that nothing good can come out of this Administration they should recall that the US Chamber of Commerce is ardently against FAP. Something is certainly strange here.

The negative income tax is a revolutionary device dreamed up by economist Milton Friedman (counselor to Barry Goldwater, of all people) which would not merely collect money from the affluent but would pay out money (negative income) to the poor. There would be no means test, which is what makes present welfare machinery hideous. There would be an income test, contained in a normal income tax form. The Nixon FAP embraces part of this idea—it abolishes the means test and it would pay out graduated sums under a national minimum benefit. The amount would be pitifully small—less than half the poverty line. Furthermore, it would involve the recipient's work habits and it would limit payments to families with children. Just the same, it's radical and revolutionary and the Chamber of Commerce is right in sniffing it out, just like one of those dogs trained to discover marijuana at airports.

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Into the Breach?

By apparently breaching the agreed cease-fire conditions, and thrusting forward their surface-to-air missiles into the area of the military standstill, the Egyptians and the Russians have gone a very long way toward ruining their own credibility. Nasser said from the start that he did not expect peace talks with Israel to go anywhere, and by seemingly violating the cease-fire conditions he has turned this into a self-fulfilling prophecy. The Russians would have to accept their full share of guilt, for it is they not the Egyptians who install the SAMs. It's true of course that these acts — which Russia smoothly calls "redeploying missiles" — have not widened the Egyptians' and the Russians' credibility gap as far as the Israelis are concerned; nothing could do that. But the alleged breach of faith gravely affects not only the Middle East situation but future relations between this country and the Soviet Union. For it really looks very like this being not the first but the second time that the Soviet Ambassador in Washington seemingly has deliberately lied to a Secretary of State, therefore to the President of the United States and to the American people. President John F. Kennedy accused the Russians of deliberate falsification at the time of the Cuba missiles crisis of 1962. That was hushed up and smoothed over, because of what occurred immediately thereafter — Khrushchev's rowback, Kennedy's determined words and deeds, the feeling of universal relief that the two great powers had stepped back from the brink in the very nick of time. All that is not yet quite settled history; it is still being debated and analyzed. All the facts may not even now be in the open. Nevertheless, when the average American contemplates apparent Middle East cease-fire violations by the Egyptians, and compares them with what Mr. Dobrynin is reported to have promised Secretary William P. Rogers, he can hardly escape a feeling of *déjà vu* — "here we go again." Whether or not "Toli" really sought cold-bloodedly to pull the wool over the eyes of his pal "Beel," as Joe Alsop alleges, there really isn't much doubt that someone tried to pull a fast one — and the Russians had to be aware of it. Couple this, now, with the behavior of the Arab guerrillas who threatened to murder women, children and other passengers on board the international airliners the guerrillas in Jordan hijacked. United Nations Secretary-General U Thant, no foe of Arabs, called it the act of savages. Other Arabs have at least chided

the guerrillas. But in the light of all the circumstances, who is going to be able to sympathize much longer with the Arab cause, or trust the Arab word? That is a terrible thing to have to say about proud people who take their honor very seriously indeed; but what other course is there, in the face of those harsh facts? As far as the Russians are concerned, the Arab guerrillas have demonstrated that they certainly aren't Marxist-Leninists. The Bolsheviks always condemned such terrorist acts. But are the Russians going to live up to their professed Leninism, and disavow the tactics of the guerrillas; and are they prepared to lean on the Egyptians and to pull back these missiles, and so save Russian as well as Arab honor? If they don't, and it looks unlikely that they will, the next move is up to this country, which initiated the cease-fire move and persuaded the reluctant Israelis to trust the Arabs at least a little and so give the peace thing a try. Khrushchev did not after all back down in Cuba until Kennedy threatened to turn push into shove. The Israelis are to have some of their lost Phantom war planes replaced from here, but the Israelis still fear the Soviet SAMs may be used successfully to cover an Egyptian crossing of the Suez Canal, followed by a bid to throttle Israel for good. This country could render impossible the physical extinction of Israel, and save peace talks from foundering, by formally guaranteeing Israel's territory and independence—perhaps as proposed August 22 by Senator Fulbright.



Why Economists Flunk Out

Paul W. McCracken, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, was recently given a flat zero in economics, in an extraordinarily public display of grades, by Professor John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard. Galbraith simply noted that the questions were there, provided by history you might say, and that all of McCracken's answers were wrong.

It turns out, when history is viewed objectively, that the questions posed to McCracken over the first 21 months of the Nixon Administration are the same as those put to previous Council chairmen, without exception, ever since Edwin G. Nourse became the first top economist under the Employment Act of 1946. If McCracken flubbed them, and he did, all his predecessors flubbed them.

Actually, there is only one central question asked of a Council chairman, and it follows directly from the nature of his job: What should we do to get full employment without inflation? Or to make it easier: What should we do to get *high* employment and only a *little* inflation? All the other questions Council chairmen must answer are simple corollaries, addenda, or footnotes to the big one. But it is this big one—the central question persistently and tantalizingly posed to every Western democracy since World War II—that economic administrators have uniformly and consistently flunked.

It is not simply Galbraith's opinion, or my own, that they have done so. It is there in the record. In the following thumbnail sketch, I list the seven chairmen who have occupied the post since the Council of Economic Advisers was established in 1946, and for each provide: (a) years of service, (b) a brief statement of accomplishments, and (c) two summary figures—the average unemployment rate as a percent of the nation's labor force, and the average annual increase in the consumer price index, during the term of office.

Edwin G. Nourse. August 1946 to Nov. 1949. Inherited postwar inflation, which he curbed. But raised unemployment from 3.9 percent when he came in to 5.9 percent when he left. Average unemployment: 4.5 percent. Average annual price increase: 7 percent.

Leon H. Keyserling. Nov. 1949 to Jan. 1953. Inherited recession, which he checked with the help of the Korean War. But at the same time prices zoomed from approximate stability to an 8 percent increase in 1951. Average unemployment: 3.9 percent. Average annual price increase: 3.8 percent.

Arthur F. Burns. Mar. 1953 to Dec. 1956. Checked inflation but induced recession, with unemployment rising from less than 3 percent to nearly 6 percent. Then, at close, stimulated recovery with prices begin-

ning to advance again. Average unemployment: 4.3 percent. Average annual price increase: 0.6 percent.

Raymond J. Saulnier. Dec. 1956 to Jan. 1961. Frightened by gathering inflation, induced most severe recession of postwar period, with unemployment rising from 4 percent in 1956 to 7 percent in 1958. A brief partial recovery, together with price advances, ended with another recession in 1960. Average unemployment: 5.5 percent. Average annual price increase: 2.2 percent.

Walter W. Heller. Jan. 1961 to Nov. 1964. Inherited steep recession which continued, with only slight recovery, throughout period. Stimulants applied late and weakly. Average unemployment: 5.6 percent. Average annual price increase: 1.2 percent.

Gardner Ackley. Nov. 1964 to Feb. 1968. A tax reduction proposed under Heller, together with an expanding Vietnam war, resulted in a sharp drop in unemployment, but also a sharp rise in prices. Average unemployment: 4.0 percent. Average annual price increase: 2.7 percent.

Arthur M. Okun. Feb. 1968 to Jan. 1969. Inherited inflation, which then accelerated, while unemployment remained low and stable. Anti-inflationary tax increase enacted in 1968. Average unemployment: 3.6 percent. Average annual price increase: 5.4 percent.

Paul W. McCracken. Inherited worst inflation since Korean War. Anti-inflationary measures under Okun were intensified. Recession was induced with unemployment rising from 3.6 percent to 5 percent thus far. Reduction in inflationary pace as yet only barely perceptible. Average unemployment: 3.9 percent and rising. Average annual price increase: 5.9 percent and falling slightly.

Grading their performances is another matter. As suggested earlier, if McCracken flunks, as he would by Galbraith's standards, they all flunk. But by another standard, that of the common, conventional wisdom of the New Economics, which all of them followed more or less, every Council chairman from Nourse to McCracken must be given the minimum passing grade or better. Some such as Burns or Ackley may have earned As, but even Nourse and Saulnier whom I would have to rate at the bottom of the list, could get no worse than Cs. They all used the accepted techniques, unfailingly. Nourse and Saulnier were inhibited somewhat by vestigial ties to an older economics, but they too followed the major signals.

When inflation threatened, all Council chairmen without exception pulled dutifully on one or more of the conventional brakes: a rise in interest rates, an increase in taxes, and/or a reduction in public spending. Predictably this brought some diminution in rising prices, though it always increased unemployment. When unemployment threatened, they conscientiously applied one or more of the conventional stimulants:

a decline in interest rates, a reduction in taxes, and/or a rise in public spending. Predictably, there followed an improvement in employment, along with a resurgence of inflation.

I use the term "predictably" loosely here because there have been many disconcerting lags in the repercussions. Nevertheless, sooner or later, when the proper tools were applied stubbornly enough, the expected results ensued. No doubt if the present Administration perseveres with hard money and the rest, inflation will subside while unemployment leaps to the record heights unexplored since the sluggish days of Raymond Saulnier.

So in their command and expert utilization of the mighty arsenal of modern, conventional economics, all seven Council chairmen would have to be given passing grades at least, Galbraith notwithstanding. True, not one of them achieved full employment without inflation, or even "high" employment (currently defined as 3.8 percent unemployment) coupled with "little" inflation (a 2 percent or less annual increase in the price level). That's where they failed, according to Galbraith. But wouldn't it be more accurate to say that's where the New Economics failed?

The zigs and zags described in the thumbnail sketch above do not reflect differences in the personalities of succeeding administrations, or in their political biases, so much as differences in circumstances. It all depended on which end of the see-saw they grabbed. Those who inherited inflation, fought it. Those who inherited recession, fought it. But never did the tools at hand allow a successful assault against both at the same time, not even when the single policy innovation of the period - "jawboning" - was added.

Hence as one who aspires to be what students call "tough but fair," I would have to advise Galbraith that he has an obligation to demonstrate that there *are* in fact "correct" answers to the question of instability before he flunks McCracken for inexcusable errors. For my part, I have already provided a version of the answers I would expect a conscientious student to give: guaranteed public employment directed especially toward the unskilled, selective price and wage controls, and a scheme for improved fiscal policy based on refundable taxes (See "Stabilizing the Economy," NR Jan. 31, 1970). But I have never felt that only Galbraith and I had the right answers, particularly since I have lately had doubts about him. I am convinced, though, that the time is past due for trying something new. From effete snobs to hard hats, practically all of us realize that what we are getting today are the wrong answers.

Melville J. Ulmer

MELVILLE J. ULMER is professor of economics at the University of Maryland and author of *The Welfare State: USA*.

The Nixon Watch

Agnew on the Road

San Clemente

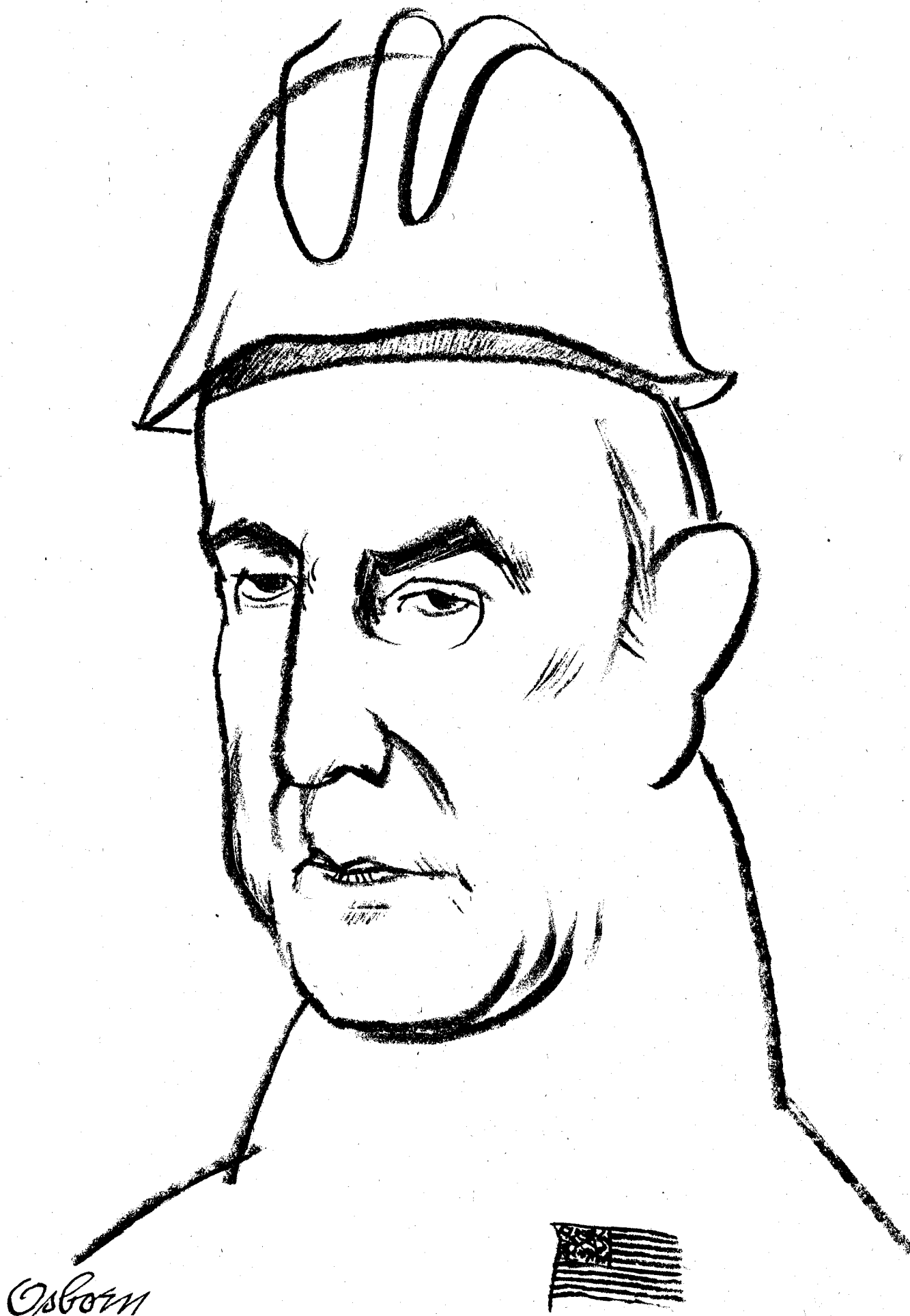
The Nixon staff managed to make Vice President Agnew's public accounting of his second Asian trip an absurd and laughable prelude to the political campaigning that he will have embarked upon when this is read. The absurdity was not intended, of course. The intention was to show Mr. Agnew to the best possible advantage as a sedate, distinguished and freshly informed statesman, summoned to the Western White House from Honolulu a day earlier than he had expected, in order to share with the President and assembled policy advisers not only the Vice President's findings in South Korea, Taiwan, South Vietnam, Cambodia and Thailand, but the wisdom and views that he might contribute to the handling of the difficulties that endangered the negotiation of a settlement between Israel and its Arab enemies in the Middle East.

When the Vice President left San Clemente for Asia on August 22, the President appeared with him on the photogenic knoll that lies between the Nixon office and the Pacific Ocean and then, in company with Secretary of State Rogers and staff adviser Henry Kissinger, saw the traveller into the gleaming Marine helicopter that ferried him to a Presidential jet. Mr. Agnew said at the time that he was being sent to Asia to tell his official hosts what they "know very well"—namely, that under the Nixon Doctrine the United States proposes from now on to maintain its presence in the Far East at decreasing cost to itself and at increasing cost to its allies and proteges. By his account during the trip and at San Clemente when he returned, that is all that he accomplished. Reporters who accompanied him and resident American officials along the way agreed that he did it gracefully, the while he generated satisfactory headlines and televised glimpses of Agnew expounding and selling Nixon policy as it had been thoroughly explained to him before he left. Some flurried reporting to the contrary notwithstanding, he added nothing to the policy and subtracted nothing from it.

A different show was planned for his return and it almost came off. First there was a photographed session in the President's office. Mr. Nixon handed Mr. Agnew a golf ball adorned with the Presidential seal, told him to use it "for putting only," and admonished him to get a good rest before taking the jet trail in behalf of Republican candidates for Congress this fall. Only Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, looking as if he knew that something silly was coming up, walked

out with the Vice President for the climactic display. Microphones and television cameras were set up in front of the office compound, angled so that the cameras commanded a clear view of the path to a Marine chopper in the background, some 200 feet away. Newspaper cameramen and reporters were ordered to stay where they were confined in a roped area when the Vice President finished speaking his piece. It was essential, a White House staff man said, that the television cameras have an unobstructed shot of the Vice President's receding back as he walked into the noonday sun across an intervening expanse of grass and pavement to his helicopter. Mr. Agnew with his trim and erect figure, the noble head slightly marred by squinty eyes, in a dark suit and grey tie, his hands primly fixed at the hem of his jacket, was appropriately impressive when he said into the microphones that his trip had been worthwhile for him, the President, and the countries he visited. I don't know how the concluding walk came over the home screen, but to the watching press it was extremely funny, a welcomed and heartily ridiculed break in the solemnity that usually shrouds the Nixon White House. It was farce of a sort that had to be seen on the spot to be appreciated: the confessed contrivance, the cadenced pace of the Vice President, the pause at the foot of the chopper steps, and then the takeoff for a nearby hotel, where Mr. Agnew spent the afternoon and night, isolated from the press and in no further communication with Mr. Nixon.

Adequate communication between the President and his Vice President during the fall campaign operation has been elaborately assured, however casual and indirect and flattering to Mr. Agnew it will be made to seem. No piece of recent White House business has been accorded more serious attention by Mr. Nixon and his principal domestic assistants and advisers. Four of these gentlemen—H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, Bryce Harlow and Robert Finch, with occasional assists from Budget Director George Shultz and OEO Director Donald Rumsfeld—have participated with Mr. Nixon in extensive discussions of how best to capitalize for the Administration and for the Republican Party upon Mr. Agnew's standing with what all concerned take to be the core majority of American voters. The prime objective is to bring his identification with public order and with all that may be required to preserve it in a disorderly time to bear, with maximum effect, upon the effort to secure a Republican majority in the Senate at the November elections. The word at the White House is: watch where Agnew goes, first in the West and then through the country at large, and you will know where the Nixon political command figures that its best chances are. His second visit to Asia, planned since early June and foreseen since he completed the first one in January, was calculated to give him additional stature



and at the same time to identify him in the public mind as Richard Nixon's emissary and subordinate — an esteemed personage and valued political property in his own right, but one who is required and willing to keep within the limits of policy and expression prescribed for him by the President.

Nobody at the White House, Agnew included, will acknowledge that the latter consideration has been a specific factor in the plans for his congressional campaign or that its concomitant, a latent apprehension that the Vice President may have gotten too big for his britches, is responsible in part for the unprecedented White House staff support that the President has provided him. When I mentioned the swelling Agnew britches to a trusted Nixon assistant in San Clemente, the response was wonderful to hear. No other Vice President in history, I was told, has enjoyed the confidence and received the support that Mr. Nixon has extended to Mr. Agnew. If Mr. Nixon thought it necessary to curb Mr. Agnew's exuberant tendencies, recently subdued, or to correct any impression that the Vice President has made himself independent of the President, somebody from the White House staff like John Ehrlichman or Robert Finch would have been assigned to oversee his campaign activities. Instead, the President had assigned to the Agnew campaign staff Counsellor Bryce N. Harlow, economist Martin Anderson and writer Patrick Buchanan, three Presidential assistants who are known to be in general sympathy with the Vice President's conservative views if not invariably with his customary way of expressing them. William Safire, another Nixon writer who has been ordered to provide intermittent assistance, was not mentioned in this connection, but he might as well have been.

The offered explanation and disavowal of concern omitted several pertinent facts. Counsellor Finch is in overall charge of the campaign for Mr. Nixon, with a powerful say in the tone to be struck and in the dispatch of Administration speakers. Counsellor Harlow, the temporary Agnew chief of staff, numbers among his assets a sharp eye for verbal boo-boos of the kind to which Agnew on his own is prone. Rather comically, considering the fact that he drafted some of the most abrasive Agnew speeches before the present era of moderation began. Pat Buchanan was among the first to advise the President, through senior intermediaries, that the Vice President's sometime references to impudent snobs, criminal activists and the like had become counter-productive and should be discouraged.

The foregoing were among the thoughts that came to me when I watched the Vice President marching into the bright noon at San Clemente. Laughing, I reminded myself that Spiro T. Agnew is not a man to be laughed at, now or ever. Mr. Nixon was not laughing when he told a CBS television interviewer

out here that the question whether Agnew will be on the Republican ticket in 1972 is premature.

John Osborne

Concerned Brass

The Concerned Officers Movement (COM), a Washington-based group formed after the November moratorium, is the first organization to give officers a platform against the Indochina war. It's unsettling top Pentagon brass.

COM was originally called Officers Resistance. The name was discarded as too radical. In July, the Navy prematurely discharged the Secretary of the Navy's two top intelligence briefing officers, who belonged to the antiwar group. Since then, press coverage has spread the COM name; letters are pouring in from officers stationed around the world, and chapters are forming in Norfolk, Pensacola, San Diego, and Grand Forks Air Force base, home of the ABM.

So far, COM functions as little more than a weekly political discussion group which meets in one of the officers' apartments. COM has published three newsletters (the first declares "the officer corps is not part of a silent majority") and is trying to raise funds to purchase a full-page ad in *The New York Times*, to proclaim its existence to the nation. COM members are considering sending active duty officers to speak with community groups, and to seek support from congressmen and retired officers. Members would like also to turn to issues beyond the war, issues such as military reform.

Rank-and-file GIs have been dissenting from the military for years, in coffeehouses and underground newspapers. COM wants to function purely as an officers' organization unaffiliated with GI groups, which are generally more radical. "Officers have a unique position, which should be used to advantage," says Navy Lt. Phil Lehman, a COM organizer discharged early this summer. "We want to convey to Middle America that there are people very much against the war, whose loyalty can't be impugned." COM's tactics and rhetoric will stay moderate. "We can't indulge in rhetoric like 'smash the brass' and 'off the pigs,'" Lehman declares. "We want to influence moderate Americans, and the higher reaches of the military."

To the Pentagon, any kind of dissent poses a potential threat. Defense Department regulations forbid service personnel from lobbying "in combination," or publicly complaining about specific grievances — which would apply to COM members taking any stand as a group on military or political issues — and from conduct "prejudicial" to good order and discipline. Navy

officials say that so far, COM hasn't breached military regulations: "but if they keep going in the direction they have been, we'll have to take account," says Navy spokesman, Capt. W. S. Busik. "It's one thing for individuals to express their private opinions, but when they go public and take advantage of the uniform, it's another."

Pentagon officials claim they have taken no disciplinary measures against COM members. A commanding officer in Norfolk, however, recently stripped a COM member of his security clearance, and his authority to give orders. Navy officials deny that the two briefing officers in Washington were discharged as a result of their COM activities. When the Secretary of the Navy discovered they belonged to COM, they were first transferred to routine jobs in a division which didn't even have job openings; then they were discharged, with 1200 other nonessential personnel, to facilitate budget cuts. "They set themselves up for it," says Busik, who argues that if the officers hadn't joined COM in the first place, they wouldn't have been transferred to insignificant jobs, and consequently, wouldn't have been dumped.

Members of COM want to know just how far they can go and still remain within the protective limits of the First Amendment. The group is considering asking a federal court to issue a declaratory judgment, defining the rights of officers and all servicemen to speak their minds in public. Some officers are testing new ground - 19 junior officers aboard the aircraft carrier *Hancock* signed an antiwar letter and leaked it to the press in June, and a new group is Concerned Graduates of the US Military, Naval and Air Force Academies. But, "most officers," says Lehman, "are afraid to stand up and say what they believe, for good reason. If you're a career officer, it's suicide."

Dan Zwerdling

The Student Vote

The Association of Students for Voter Registration has been calling student governments across the nation, asking them to sponsor registration tables on campus. Each local League of Women Voters will help with this. So far the effort has gone well: 137 universities with about 1,200,000 voters either have their own programs or are setting them up. This is approximately 60 percent of the student vote. An additional mailing has gone to 800 smaller colleges.

There are not many ways to disfranchise students. The poll tax has been outlawed. Failing college students on literacy tests would not be believable. However, many university town election boards have been

ingenious. Consider Kent State University, where many might hope that participatory democracy might work, that the students would vote this year, and that the police and armed forces and the students would avoid any more clashes. The student government president of Kent State told us that in hitch-hiking across the country during the summer he received hopes of Americans everywhere that students would participate this year. "But when I got back, I found that I would not be permitted to vote." The local election board at Kent has been giving students a long questionnaire to complete, including unrelated questions such as "what is the income of your parents." Those who filled out these forms were advised that the election board would consider their cases. But unfortunately, the election board would be unable to meet for three more weeks. Registration closes in Ohio on September 23. If the law permits 21-year-olds to vote in Kent, then the law should be upheld.

Perhaps, as the student president suggested, federal registrars should be sent to Kent as to the deep South, to make it possible for students to vote.

To see how universities across the country are faring, we called 140 other student governments. At one out of ten in a wide variety of states, students are experiencing harassment from their local election boards. A common theme runs through all these cases, many of which are either in court or have been decided in court. It is that the students "do not intend to be residents" and therefore, cannot vote even if they have met all the residency requirements of state, local, and federal laws. The local boards seem to feel that they have the discretion to determine who intends to be a resident and who does not.

At the University of Maine, students are routinely asked by the election board whether they are students, and how long they intend to live in Orono. A "yes" answer to the first question disqualifies even long-time residents of the town. One member of the student government told us that he refused to answer either of these questions. He told the election board that it did not ask anyone else these questions. Why should it ask only students?

A ruling by the Durham, North Carolina election board is perhaps the choicest example. There, if you are a student, married to a student, or have been a student within a six-month period, you cannot vote. Some of the wives at Duke University are unhappy about the second provision.

Where local election boards do not try to intervene to prohibit students from voting, often state laws do. How the registration laws of a state or interpretations by local election boards can affect franchise is illustrated best by the plight of the migrant worker who cannot vote anywhere. Many of the laws of the states do the same to the students by a combination of cut-

off dates and registration procedures. Twenty states prohibit registration by mail, which tends to disfranchise students. A student who goes to the campus in Illinois before the cut-off date of October 6 for voter registration, will have to return physically to his parents' home if he is not to register to vote at his university town. Many universities begin early in September, which means that the citizen of Illinois enjoys a full month more of registration than the students enjoy.

What many forget is that registration is merely an administrative convenience, but one that gives enormous discretionary power to local election boards that was hardly called for in the Constitution.

Some residents of university towns argue that students pay few taxes and therefore, should not be able to vote. This begs the question of the criteria for franchise. It also overlooks the fact that the 1970 census puts students at their place of school instead of at their places of origin. More than \$15 per student is annually allotted in federal aid to university towns, according to the census count of students. Some universities are using this fact as a point of bargaining with their local election boards. And, of course, the universities are what keep local merchants going and much of the local industry. In a town like Kent with a population of 24,000, 12,000 university students import money to buy local produce.

Registration discretion should be taken out of the hands of local election boards. A person might better be registered when he is born. The registration laws in the United States contribute to internal strife. One state, North Dakota, survives very well without them.

Erik Jansson

ERIK JANSSON is co-director of the Association of Students for Voter Registration.

Chained Campuses

Because they've become potential targets for student radicals, the research facilities that the federal government established on campuses may have to go. Defense Secretary Melvin R. Laird made the point earlier this month. "I think," he cautioned, "we're going to have to look over this whole policy of whether it's a good idea to construct federal research buildings on university campuses." He said he was referring to all research facilities sponsored by the federal government, not just the ones that are connected with Pentagon projects.

Before radicals bombed rationality off the campus of the University of Wisconsin, the late Army Mathemat-

ics Research Center caused lively debate about the role of a university in military science. Student activists claimed to detect work in missile and ballistics research and orbit calculations and demanded a severing of the Center's Pentagon affiliation. University officials denied there was classified research going on and said that the laboratory's projects were beneficial for both the school and the society.

An explosives-laden truck destroyed the building, killed a young physics scholar and projected the FBI onto the campus, where an 18-month wave of firebombings had already damaged ROTC and administration buildings. Other universities with military contracts fear similar violence, but have financial problems that make them reluctant to ask the Pentagon to leave.

Escalating expenses, coupled with a revenue backlash against campus violence by legislators and alumni and other private contributors, have strapped many universities for money. One of the large sources of money is the Department of Defense, which lists 352 educational and nonprofit institutions as receiving defense research funds from its ample war chest.

The harsh fact for many campus administrators is that their institutions may be chained as firmly to the military chariot as a Lockheed Aircraft or a McDonnell Douglas Corporation. The Penn State University budget director was speaking for many colleges when he said that a cutoff of military research funds "would mean that we would have to let a lot of people go." The defense-space dollar—about \$450-million annually for research and development; \$700-million for university-administered contract centers—means fees, jobs, modern buildings and complex equipment, and an enticement to lure top professors and students to those institutions.

Now there's talk of a gradual shift in priorities toward civilian projects. But the problem is that over \$17 billion of America's \$26 billion research and development money is provided by the federal government, and of this, about \$14 billion—83 percent—comes from the Defense Department, Atomic Energy Commission, and National Aeronautics and Space Administration. That leaves \$3 billion, a meager pot of gold for the large number of institutions and corporations competing for it.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the seventeenth largest defense contractor in the nation (ahead of such defense giants as Westinghouse Electric, AVCO, LTV Aerospace and Sperry Rand), attempted a shift earlier this year to a balanced military and civilian research program, but couldn't find the money. As a result, the Institute announced in May that it was divesting itself of the Draper Laboratory, a complex with a \$54 million budget that is currently working on the guidance system for the Navy's Poseidon missile system. An MIT official said they

would start coping with the projected \$5 million revenue loss "with a prayer."

Senator Edward M. Kennedy proposed a solution to the woes of MIT and other similarly afflicted institutions in a bill he introduced on August 14. The Conversion Research and Education Act of 1970 (S.4241) tackles post-Vietnam conversion from defense-related activities to socially productive and civilian-oriented activities, with a focus on the vast national research and development effort.

The bill responds of course to Kennedy's considerable defense constituency in Massachusetts (including MIT), which is feeling the impact of military cutbacks. It asks that federal investment in science and technology be concentrated in civilian areas until that sector "at least equals" federal investment in war research. Kennedy says that such a redirection of expertise in the scientific community would amount to a commitment to cure the chronic social ills of the country.

It could also cure some explosive problems on American campuses. With a financial mandate to tackle domestic problems like pollution, transportation, housing and health care, an MIT, a Penn State or a Wisconsin might have its enriching laboratories and its peace of mind too. And that, university presidents and budget directors will tell you, is a vision that replaces counting sheep at night.

Stephen Solomon

The New Math

Cleveland

A suspended school superintendent in Warrensville Heights, a Cleveland suburb of 22,000, nearly one-third black, is not taking his dismissal lying down. Morris Sorin, the 42-year-old superintendent, was fired by a 3-2 vote of the all-white board of education.

Board exhibits include humanities material called "radical." The Vietnam War and black revolution are among subjects covered. The authors include Barry Goldwater, Robert Kennedy, Ayn Rand, Thomas Jefferson, Herbert Marcuse, John W. Gardner and John Kenneth Galbraith. "They are beyond the comprehension of Warrensville Heights high school students," said board member Mrs. Alice Stanton, former teacher, past board president and an ardent supporter of the Police Athletic League.

The civil war in the suburb was triggered by a child who wrote a tongue-in-check play last fall. "I thought it was funny," said Vera Benedek, the daughter of Rumanian Jews who came to this country five years ago. She is the eight grade author of a

seven-page play, "Two Plus Two," about two girls and two boys who rent an off-campus apartment as a social experiment and economy measure. The integrated play, a creative writing assignment, was inspired by a TV movie, *Love, American Style*.

Vera's classmates voted her play the best of 30 and produced it. A parent, an administrator at Sunny-acres Tuberculosis Hospital, showed up unexpectedly; he didn't think the play was funny and told his neighbors. (The play's fictive father, later mollified on learning that the kids aren't sex crazed or shooting up drugs, shows up at the apartment and blurts: "Can't you wait to live with a man when you are married to a nice Jewish doctor?")

Vera's teacher, Mrs. Gail Galembo, a Kent State University graduate in her first year of teaching, playing it safe, wrote another character into the play. The ringer was a chaperone, a sweet little old lady; it didn't help. "It became awful—the lewd things that were supposed to be going on in my classroom," said Mrs. Galembo. Her lesson plan had called for exploration of the generation gap, and, to that degree, Vera's play was highly successful. Superintendent Sorin, who has four daughters, was called on the carpet at the next board meeting.

Sorin, who received a pay raise (from \$19,000 to \$22,000) in 1969, after his first year in the school system, attempted to defend the play as an authentic reflection of current events. Fallout from the explosive meeting made it clear what was bothering many people about the schools: long hair, interracial dating, rumors of drugs, black arm bands on a Vietnam War moratorium day, a new "middle school" that would hurry integration of fifth and sixth graders, alleged lack of discipline, low test scores, and the fear that standards would be lowered as Negroes continued to move to Warrensville Heights.

Board member Mario Talvacchio, superintendent of a tool and die shop, called Vera's play "garbage." "The play is a good issue," said the Rev. Robert W. Clarke, one of the two board members supporting Sorin. "The progressives were talking about social issues and the conservatives were talking about sex." In a show of support for Sorin, 110 of 160 teachers boycotted classes for a day, and two days later 73 percent of the 3200 students struck for a day. Four administrators resigned, and a teacher, resigning in protest, accused the schools of "institutional racism."

The Cuyahoga County Superintendents Assn. and the state's Buckeye Association of School Administrators have issued statements in support of Sorin. The Ohio Education Association announces it will study the matter this fall, and the Ohio School Boards Association promises a report following the hearing. Sorin's lawyer, Bernard A. Berkman, former general counsel for the ACLU of Ohio, is building the hearing

record for the expected 3-2 vote, affirmation of the firing, that will take the Sorin case to Common Pleas Court on statutory appeal and hoped-for exoneration. Sorin has taken a job at the Agnon School, a private Jewish school in Pepper Pike, a fashionable Cleveland suburb. But there is a termination clause in his contract in the event he is exonerated. Meanwhile he and John T. Mallan, one of the administrators who resigned, plan to write a "method book for school administrators."

Terence Sheridan

They Didn't Need Cameras

Aid Fiasco in Peru

Months have passed since an earthquake left the Andean valley of the Callejon de Huayles in Peru with 50,000 to 70,000 dead and 800,000 homeless. Still the fearful problems of food, clothing, and shelter have scarcely been touched by the United States' \$25-million relief effort. Poor information gathering by the military field team matched the rigid, stereotyped relief program of the State Department.

Immediately following the earthquake, the State Department dispatched the military Disaster Assistance and Survey Team (DAST). After watching the DAST people spend two relaxed weeks at the Anta airbase, embassy officials, pilots, and Peruvian officers could only guess at what they were doing. Finally, DAST was quietly recalled.

The State Department decided to focus its early efforts on the helicopter carrier USS Guam, with its 300-bed hospital, 17 helicopters, and station in Panama. In its two weeks off the Peruvian shore, only 83 people were cared for in the Guam's 300-bed ward. The helicopters on the Guam represented on paper, more helicopter carrying capacity than all of the other helicopters in Peru put together. But the stricken valley lay to the east of the first range of the Andes - accessible only through passes at 13,000 feet. The Guam's choppers could not reach these altitudes and were relegated to lesser supply tasks along the coast. In the first five days of operations, the 17 choppers delivered a total of five tons of supplies, less than a single helicopter's full load. It cost the Agency for International Development \$100,000 per day to secure the Guam from the Navy, a total outlay of almost \$2 million. Both American and Peruvian officials commented privately that the Guam should never have been brought. Nonetheless, the four commanding officers of the American vessel were ceremoniously decorated by the Peruvians.

Supplies brought to Peru by AID included about 6000 Sears & Roebuck "Ted Williams" vacation tents, worth more than half a million dollars. These yellow and green, light-weight campers sleep six and retail for \$110 each, almost twice the yearly income of many of the families in the area. Their effect on the 800,000 homeless was minuscule. They were ineffective against the cold of the valley at night, and are inadequate to store the harvest when the rainy season begins this month. Tents have been ineffective before: in a Central American earthquake in 1968, they blew away in the high winds.

Again responding to a generalized disaster plan, the Americans acted to distribute food as if everyone in the valley were in immediate danger of famine - which they were not - and failed to consider the real food problems which will be occurring in forthcoming months. The American reflex was to airlift by helicopter powdered milk, some staples, and plastic knives, forks, and spoons. The Indians, not being threatened by hunger and being unfamiliar with powdered milk anyway, have reasonably enough decided to hoard their milk and canned goods. They will trade these in the valley for goods they really need when the roads are opened. The helicopter delivery cost of \$150 per hour would have been better spent in the Indians' own pockets. This does nothing to get at the real food problem caused by the quake: Many towns lost up to 80 percent of their livestock, major portions of their crops, their water supply for irrigation, and their warehouses to store the harvest.

The logistics of the protocol for Mrs. Nixon's \$2 million trip were handled much more effectively than the logistics of the relief effort. On Monday, June 29, Mrs. Nixon toured the Callejon de Huaylas for three hours to view the damage and to deliver a planeload of supplies donated by the people of the United States. In preparation for her three hours at Anta, all of the American and Peruvian aircraft were diverted from their emergency relief work for the three days prior to the visit to aid in the protocol and preparations (polishing helicopters, cleaning up camp). More than 100 newsmen were airlifted to Anta. The first ladies, Mrs. Nixon and Mrs. Velasco, arrived, shook hands with the relief workers, and left in the Presidential helicopter, US Army 1, to view Yungay and Huaraz. When the helicopters landed at the Huaraz soccer field, the first ladies were surrounded by cameramen. Some people from the outskirts of the city who had received no aid held up a sign written in Spanish, unnoticed by the American press, "Mrs. Nixon, we don't want cameras, we need blankets!"

Roger Glass

MR. GLASS is a medical student at Harvard who accompanied the American-Andean relief expedition.

Women as Property

by Verna Tomasson

New York

A porno movie house on 8th Avenue had a film on its bill recently called simply, *Divorcee*. That one word was supposed to call up enough libidinous fantasies to induce customers to pay the \$5 entrance fee. Yet, the real obscenity in a divorced woman's life—a brutal and dehumanizing experience—is her encounter with the judicial system, which is stacked in custom and practice against her, and her degrading visits to the house of horrors on East 22nd Street, known as Family Court.

Sitting in the parallel pews of the large antechamber and waiting for your name to be called is the closest experience to Limbo that anyone can imagine. Although all litigants are ordered to appear at 9:30 A.M., those without attorneys must wait until those with attorneys get through, the theory being, one supposes, that the time of a professional is worth something, but the time of a poor person, or a stranded mother, is worth nothing at all.

The worst part of the waiting, though, is the knowing that the outcome of your hearing depends on pure luck—and that in all likelihood you will very soon be back here again. Since there are between 30 and 35 cases on each judge's calendar per day, that leaves about 10 minutes per case. Ten minutes allotted to each tale of heartbreak, ten minutes to decide the standard of living of a family, or determine who should have custody of a child.

You learn, after your first few visits here, that the patience of the average Family Court judge is extremely thin. He usually asks about four or five questions, which he prefers answered in monosyllables. All other information must be tersely and unemotionally presented, or the judge will become annoyed and do something spiteful. If the matter appears at all complex, your case will be postponed, and the whole grueling procedure will begin again.

A "good" lawyer is not as much help as one might think. First of all, they are almost impossible to get. The lack of any state or federal standards covering questions of alimony and child support makes the courtroom procedure a matter of guesswork resting on the whims of the judge. For this reason and because of the depressing atmosphere of this court—and also because there is very little to be gained in fees from

this kind of work—most attorneys are reluctant to take such cases, and women face the ordeal alone.

Even if you do manage to enlist the services of an attorney, he can often do you more harm than good. Too often he is untrained in this particular branch of the law, embarrassed at having to take sides in an acrimonious interpersonal dispute, and unprepared for patterns which present themselves. Most ex-husbands, for example, attempt to mask their actual income and engage in wild accusations as a technique of obfuscation, so skillful detective work is involved. And, in all too many cases, lawyers will sell themselves to the highest bidder and go into collusion with the husband's attorney. Note the pronoun "he" in relation to antecedent "lawyer." There are still too few women lawyers devoted to working for women's rights, and those few are swamped with history-making constitutional decisions and unable to handle individual cases. The Women's Center, which serves as a clearing house for services for women, reports floods of frantic phone calls from women desperate for legal help, and some who just want a "sister" to go down to the court with them to offer emotional support.

One woman I spoke to had been in and out of Family Court eight times. She had had eight different judges. Each judge spent most of the time trying to determine what the judge before had decided. This is not unusual. The latest Senate Judiciary Subcommittee report on the Family Court mentioned that "some 30 appearances have been required by one petitioner without achieving finality."

Unfortunately, the probation officer, who is the only person having direct contact with all aspects of a case from the beginning (he or she interviews all parties to a dispute at intake, and in about half the cases, actually settles cases before they come to court), never personally appears in court, so that pertinent facts about a family situation often never find their way to the judge at all.

The infamous Fulmanero case brought to national attention the bureaucracy and insensitivity of one province of the Family Court: child abuse and custody. But the areas of child support and alimony remain hidden because most of the women involved are afraid of endangering what little income they do receive, and risking starvation for themselves and children. So the myth of the "gay divorcee," who supposedly was married for less than a year, did not work,

VERNA TOMASSON writes frequently about the battle of the sexes.

and now lives a life of an extravagant, overdressed spendthrift and promiscuous pleasure-seeker at her ex-husband's expense, remains unchallenged.

Here are some of the actual cases now pending at Family Court. The women have asked that their real names not be used, for fear of prejudicing their cases. "Barbara" has been fighting for nine years for support for her handicapped daughter. Her husband makes \$55,000 a year in his own business. He refuses to pay for special care for the handicapped child. The court has thus far upheld him.

"Linda" is the wife of a "successful" physician who kept a succession of mistresses. When she asked for a separation, he threw her and their five-year-old child out of the house, and cleared the apartment of all the belongings, including hers. When she went to see him, he sprayed mace in her face. She requested a protection bond from Family Court. In court, he accused her of being a whore, and of having sexual relations with a 14-year-old friend of her son. Despite her excellent character witnesses and glowing reports from her children's schools, the judge ruled "provocation proved."

"Lucille's" former husband has thrown his two children on the ground and stepped on them. When the son cried out, he called him a homosexual. The judge ruled that unless the father molested the children sexually, visiting rights could not be denied.

"Death levels all ranks," said an English poet. So does divorce. "Virginia," a black welfare mother whose husband had skipped off to another state and whose children were confiscated and put into a "shelter," is not much worse off than the suburban woman, "Mary," who was left with a \$100,000 house but no income to maintain it. All bills and taxes had to be paid; the lawn had not been mowed in a year. She was also unable to keep up payments for the children's private schools. The court has on record doctors' statements showing that she was hemorrhaging under the severe emotional strain of being stranded in an isolated community without a car and trying to maintain herself and two children at their previous level for two years without funds.

How have these and other atrocities been allowed to take place? Through some very basic flaws in the organization, structure and functioning of this most peculiar court.

The New York State Family Court was set up in 1962, a carryover from Children's Court and the old Domestic Relations Court. It has jurisdiction over neglect, support, paternity, juvenile delinquency, persons in need of supervision, and family offenses. Questions of divorce, annulment and separations are handled in Supreme Court; custody is not a concern of the court if it primarily arises in connection with matrimonial action; adoptions are still handled in Sur-

rogate's Court; and juvenile offenders over 16 are tried in Criminal Court. So there's the first problem right there. A multiplicity of agencies (with separate monetary allocations) to deal with similar and overlapping areas.

When the Family Court was established, it was stated by the legislature: "It [the Family Court] must deal with sensitive and difficult areas of life about which reasonable men and women differ. Hence it is necessarily an experimental court . . . and looks to improvements based on experience and observation." Every year, in its annual reports to the legislature, the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee has been reiterating the sorry tidings that the experiment is a failure. The 1968 subcommittee report, for instance, reveals that during the three judicial years 1963-1966, the backlog of undisposed cases at the end of these years increased from over 30,000 to 45,000 (about 50 percent), and this despite the steady increase in the number of judges and court personnel.

That report lists three principal areas responsible for the court's ineffectiveness: a) lack of facilities for placement; b) lack of qualified auxiliary personnel and c) lack of coordination between those implementing services that are available and the judiciary.

"Qualitative probation and allied services," says the report, "are a key to a successful Family Court. Unfortunately, neither probation nor other auxiliary services are capable of meeting the needs of the court or the community." The most recent Senate Judiciary Subcommittee report (March 3, 1970) states: "It is our conclusion that there exists a remoteness and a lack of rapport relative to the day-to-day functioning of the Family Court and the responsible members of the Administrative Board of the Judicial Conference, and of the Appellate Divisions." The new report continues, "This unique situation of a court being assigned to deal with criminal offenses with no penal authority and being dependent upon the cooperation and assistance of other municipal agencies and private social organizations, so often understaffed and ill-equipped to meet even the minimum needs and demands of this court, contributes heavily to its inability to become the social forum it was designed to be."

The main reason for the poor quality of the probationary and other counseling services is insufficient budgetary appropriations. Mrs. Elizabeth Schack at the Community Service Society (one of the private social organizations which attempt to work in conjunction with the Family Court) says that one of the biggest frustrations in trying to implement Family Court decisions is the constant turnover in court personnel, a direct result of low salary levels. Secretaries at Family Court make \$5200 a year, and after training, usually leave for some other place. Probation Officers make \$9700 per annum, and there is almost

no opportunity for upward promotion.

Many reforms have been suggested for the reorganization of the Family Court. Last year, the Liberal Party recommended the unification of the Claims, Surrogates and Family Court with the Supreme Court, and the League of Women Voters of New York State came out with a pamphlet decrying what they called "fragmented justice." They urged that there be "one court to handle all matters affecting children and families. . . . It is more *economical* to centralize all supporting services in one place; more *effective* to have one court deal with interrelated family problems; more *equitable* to follow uniform practices" in the state.

But more restructuring would not go far enough. That is because the courts are committed to uphold the present marriage and divorce laws, which are based on the antiquated assumption that woman in marriage is the property of the man. The wife, for example, is still required to perform all domestic services, and she must have sexual relations with her husband *on demand* (legalized rape?) unless she is physically ill.

Family Court also perpetuates the oppressive alimony system. Usually thought of as a boon to women and a hardship on men, the concept of alimony is an insult to women. It does not represent payment for household labor done. It represents a concession to the fact that men and women do not have equal opportunities for employment and job training. It is also supposed to make up for the fact that the state does not provide adequate day care facilities so that the divorced woman can go back to work. Alimony says, "here, you poor, helpless, unqualified and useless person, take this." The woman has to pay taxes on alimony; the ex-husband takes it as a deduction.

Digging one level deeper, the legislation on these matters will probably not be changed unless the societal values and attitudes underlying the laws are changed. Despite the much advertised sexual revolution, a double standard still prevails in the courts. The main manifestation of the double standard is that man's work is respected, and woman's is not. In a case in Nassau County Family Court, the court psychiatrist had judged the husband "emotionally immature and emotionally disturbed," yet when the husband announced he was a physician and listed some of his property holdings, the judge became reverent.

A double standard of morality also prevails in that during the two-year separation period preceding a N.Y. State divorce, if a wife has sex relations once with a man other than her husband, she can be declared an unfit mother and her children taken from her. The only way a father can be declared unfit is if it can be proved he has sexually molested the children. Beatings, drunkenness, drug addiction, adultery are not enough grounds.

Also operative against women at court is an assumption that women should be quiet, passive, pleasant and "warm." If in response to a baldfaced lie or false accusation she cries out or raises her voice, she is usually called a "hysterical woman" or other adjectives such as "vindictive" or "overemotional" and silenced by the judge.

The only area where a double standard is not evident at court, is the one area where it should be — that of employment. Many women are told by the court, "If you need more money, go get a better job," without any recognition of the fact that childrearing and housekeeping are fulltime occupations in themselves, and furthermore, that the economy does not welcome women in high-paying levels of employment. They forget, too, that over 60 percent of married women age 35-64 do not work outside of the home and are in need of education and job training.

Several women's rights groups are turning their attention to the revision of marriage and divorce laws and the restructuring of the courts. The program of the National Organization of Women (NOW) for last year included some of the following recommendations: — that a pamphlet setting forth general personal and property rights of each partner in marriage under N.Y. State law be distributed to applicants for marriage licenses, and that the applicants be given a test (the way drivers are) before receiving a license.

— that facilities for the rehabilitation and training of the divorced woman be established, and a guidance counselor be assigned to the court handing down the decree, for the benefit of those who do not have jobs or appropriate ones.

— that the spouse, if financially able, should assume financial responsibility for education of the divorced woman. A special program for divorced persons could be established at state colleges.

— that Social Security benefits be extended to the divorced women, and that the housewife be insured as an individual, not as her husband's dependent. (Housewife is the only occupation where the social security benefits go to the next occupant of the job rather than being credited to the employee.)

Another group, the League for Women's Rights, is a newly formed band of "victims" who have been subjected to harassing court experiences, and women civil rights lawyers who have committed themselves to supporting the aims and activities of the group, which are: to inform all women of the double standard inherent in the law and promulgated by the courts; to substitute for the word "alimony" a realistic concept of "accrued income" to be based on the recognition of wifehood and motherhood as recompensible employment; to put divorce on an equal footing with the dissolution of a business partnership. Elements to

be considered would be the number of years of marriage; whether the woman brought in income or property; number of children involved; was household help provided if the woman was sick or disabled; was there compensation for any physical damage resulting from childbearing or childrearing (workman's compensation); social security, medical insurance and life insurance coverage; provision for job training for the dependent spouse at the dissolution of marriage;

finally, to prepare the way for federal standardization of marriage and divorce procedures backed by the constitutional guarantee of equal rights for all.

The answer, these groups agree, is not to appoint a few more women judges to the bench. Society has got to stop seeing women as carefree, one-dimensional sex-objects, and then becoming hostile when they exhibit problems and needs. The Family Court must stop sweeping women and children under the rug.

"Let's Not Get Too Happy"

The New Humphrey

by Albert A. Eisele

St. Paul, Minn.

On a hot August Sunday afternoon, Hubert Humphrey was leaving the Highland Park pavilion in St. Paul, after a noisy picnic fund-raiser for Rep. Joseph Karth, when he spotted a dozen teenagers holding posters with the slogan of his campaign for the US Senate ("You Know He Cares"). His face lit up. Humphrey said proudly: "Who says young people are turned off by politics? There are thousands of young people working in this campaign. Maybe we should organize them and call them 'Humphrey's Helpers.'" When an aide suggested he call them "Humphrey's Happy Helpers," he replied testily, "Let's not get too happy there. The last time I came out in favor of happiness, I almost got run out of the country."

The 59-year-old defeated Presidential candidate is running for the Senate seat of his old ally-turned-antagonist, Eugene McCarthy, as though it were his first campaign for mayor of Minneapolis. But he knows he isn't going to get a second chance at the Big Prize. "I can't imagine getting the nomination in '72 unless there's a real snafu by everyone else," he says. "But make no mistake," Humphrey adds, "we have bastions of support and strength around the country. While I have no intention of rallying them for a campaign for Humphrey, I think I will play a significant role in 1972." He has told friends he would

like to spend the next six years "shaping policy" in the Senate and then help elect a Democratic President in 1976 and cap his public career with a top foreign policy job, Secretary of State or UN Ambassador.

His September 15 primary opponent, Earl Craig, is a soft-spoken, 31-year-old black lecturer at the University of Minnesota, who took a fifth of the vote away from Humphrey at the Democratic-Farmer-Labor convention. He was active in the 1968 McCarthy campaign and later was national executive secretary of the New Democratic Coalition, and says Humphrey represents a "kind of stale and unresponsive liberalism." But he adds, "We're not running an anti-Hubert Humphrey campaign. The criteria of our success are how many people we can reach and what kind of an impact we can have on the party structure and the pros. I think these are really more important than whether Hubert Humphrey begins to echo Earl Craig by the time the primary's over."

The Republican candidate, Clark MacGregor, is a handsome, aggressive and articulate 10-year veteran of the US House of Representatives who risked his standing with Rockefeller-oriented state party leaders by coming out early and strong for Nixon. Though he trailed Humphrey 53 percent to 39 percent in the last pre-primary Minnesota poll, he is getting plenty of support from the national party. It's likely that every big-name Republican, from David Eisenhower to his father-in-law, will be stumping the state for Mac-

ALBERT A. EISELE is a Washington correspondent of the St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press.

Gregor this fall in what promises to be one of the most expensive and hard-slugging campaigns in Minnesota political history. Humphrey supporters won't be surprised if the Administration dredges up some old charges that Humphrey helped political cronies in dealings with the government, especially in light of evidence of White House involvement in *Life* magazine's conflict-of-interest charges against Sen. Joseph Tydings (D, Md.).

The 47-year-old MacGregor is campaigning on the slogan, "A Full-Time Senator for Minnesota," a double-edged reference to McCarthy's low profile since 1968 and Humphrey's alleged ambitions for 1972. A Nixon-style centrist, the tall, sandy-haired MacGregor is an urbane Dartmouth-educated attorney who represents Minnesota's most populous and affluent congressional district, covering suburban Minneapolis. MacGregor's overall campaign theme is based on the charge that Humphrey wants to use the Senate as a stepping stone to another Presidential candidacy.

MacGregor sees the Indochina war, civil disorder, environmental pollution and inflation as the most important campaign issues, in that order, and he doesn't hesitate to blame Humphrey for all of them. To those who claim Humphrey's 99 percent recognition factor makes him unbeatable, MacGregor points out that the former Vice President got about 35,000 votes less in 1968 in Minnesota than in his last Senate race in 1960. "He was becoming an old politician to a lot of people in Minnesota even before 1969," he says.

One Minnesota Democrat in Congress agrees with MacGregor that Humphrey has a stale public image but says, "I think Humphrey will win rather well, because for all the problems he's got, MacGregor's got them in spades. He's a young man but he's an older politician than Humphrey. If the Republicans had run a dynamite young dove with no scars, it'd be quite a race. But the last man ahead of his time the Minnesota Republican Party produced was Stassen."

There are signs of a new Humphrey emerging, out among Minnesota's lakes and farms and cities. His speeches are mercifully short and snappy, and his scheduling is precise. He swoops from the sky (in a helicopter borrowed from his close friend, Dwayne Andreas) on unsuspecting county fairs, civic parades and DFL picnics.

Humphrey thinks the war issue is "a 50-50 thing that doesn't cut one way or another" in Minnesota. "I've made my views very clear in the Democratic Policy Council and in speech after speech. I think the war is wrong and we ought to get out. We've got priorities here at home. We've done everything an ally could have done." Nevertheless, Humphrey disagreed with a DFL platform plank calling for "immediate" withdrawal from Vietnam. "These people are hung up on this issue," said Humphrey, shortly after he had

lost the state ADA endorsement to young Earl Craig.

Humphrey zeroed in early on the bread and butter issue as the crucial one for Democratic candidates this fall, and he has been hitting hard on the Republican handling of the economy. But the real gut issue in Minnesota this year, as all serious candidates are coming to recognize, is something new and alien to most Minnesotans—a deep insecurity and even fear about violence and violent change. This was sickeningly brought home when dynamite bombs smashed a federal office building in Minneapolis and a downtown department store in St. Paul, injuring several persons and causing hundreds of thousands of dollars damage. Coming at about the same time as bombings that killed a policeman in Omaha and a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, they touched off a new wave of revulsion and fear among Minnesotans.

Humphrey sensed before the bombings that all across the state, from the Iron Range in the north to the Valley of the Jolly Green Giant in the south, the politically progressive but socially conservative Minnesotans were worried about rising crime, the permissiveness of the young toward sex and drugs, the degradation of the environment, inflation and unemployment, but most of all about maintaining the orderly processes of government. Humphrey's strategy closely follows that advocated by Humphrey's political associate and former fellow Minnesotan, Richard Scammon, in his new book (with Ben Wattenberg, now a Humphrey speechwriter), *The Real Majority* (NR, August 15). The book says essentially that to build a winning coalition of the "real majority"—the unyoung, unblack and unpoor—Democrats must take liberal positions on bread-and-butter issues and tough, conservative stands on crime, violent dissent and other "frightening aspects of disruptive social change." Humphrey in a speech to the American Bar Association in St. Louis August 12 appealed to "true liberals" to "let the hard-hats know that they understand what is bugging them and that they too, condemn criminality." The speech enraged liberals who saw it as a sign that Humphrey was drifting rightward to capitalize on the conservative temper of the times. Humphrey was angered by their criticism. "I don't think I have to reestablish my liberal credentials," he said at his Waverly home after a recent day of campaigning. "I've spend a lifetime trying to point out you can't have civil order without civil justice. In St. Louis, I was simply saying to liberals that if we're going to do our job, we've got to disassociate ourselves completely from violence. . . . This wasn't a speech backing away from any conviction. This was a speech of common sense and everybody who wants to have a better society knows so. I'm going to live with myself and be my own man. I think the people of this state expect me to be intellectually honest and if I've changed my mind, I'm going to say so."

Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Rise of Louis XIV

(Brandon)

The photography for this film by Roberto Rossellini was done by Georges LeClerc, the costumes were designed by Christiane Coste, and I can describe the result only with the venerable phrase "a feast for the eyes": because I had the figurative sensation of devouring scene after scene. This is no case of imposed prettiness, like *Elvira Madigan*, no sentimentally spurious selection of décor to support a romantic concept. Here the exquisite fabrics, the richness of texture, the modelling of space by light, all are used to validate a complex reality. Artists have arranged matters, but there is no straining for arty effects. So they get the best possible result for a historical film: this is how the mid-seventeenth century must have looked when it was new.

Louis XIV was made for French television (which may give us a hint about the high quality of the TV sets in French homes). When you consider that it was finished in 1965 (it was shown in the 1967 New York Film Festival), you recognize once again that critical pronouncements, in any country, about the state of film art don't reflect that state as accurately as they reflect the profit hopes of distributors. Getting a picture made is only Money Problem Number One for a film-maker; Number Two is getting it distributed, in the country of origin and elsewhere. At any moment—at *this* moment—there are films in existence in many countries that, one way or another, would seriously affect anyone's estimate of the current film situation, if he could see them. For the general public in the US, Rossellini's film has not existed for the first five years of its existence.

Rossellini, born in 1906, has had a long and influential career. He was one of the preeminent postwar Italian neo-realists (*Open City* and *Paisa*), and he helped launch both Fellini and Anto-

nioni, among others. His work in the fifties, insofar as it was available here, interested me less than it did other people. His last previous picture that I saw—not the last one he made—was *General della Rovere* (1959), which started slowly but became a fine idealistic thriller.

The French title of the new film is more precise than the English: it translates as *The Seizure of Power* by Louis XIV. Rossellini begins with the deathbed of Cardinal Mazarin in 1661. The royal ministers then ask the young king to whom they should report, and Louis makes his famous surprising reply, "To me." The film ends with the arrest of Fouquet, the establishment of Colbert as chief adviser, and the relish of kingship realized, as Louis embarks on what turned out to be fifty-four years of rule.

The picture has been called a psychological study and a recreation of historical forces. In the usual senses, these terms seem to me misleading. In the way that Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible* is a psychological study, in the way that Jancsó's *The Red and the White* exposes the nerves of political kinetics, *Louis XIV* only glides on the surface. Rossellini creates his picture with pictures—not quaint tableaux but the visualization of daily life in the great houses by following details; the doctors bleeding Mazarin, the maid sleeping on the floor outside the curtained four-poster where the king and queen repose, the dumpy progress of the little king plodding down the corridors, sentenced to immense journeys just in getting from one chamber to another. It's a species of naturalism, a reliance on surface fact to evoke inner truths, and is thus related to neo-realism. In *Open City* the facts were those that Rossellini's contemporaries knew: which was the whole point of Italian neo-realism—to show Italians recognizable Italy for a change. Here the factualism is in the past, but the artistic rationale is much the same. There is a scene in which Louis dines alone, with nobles (not servants) to serve him, with his brother on hand to provide the napkin, with dozens of courtiers standing below the dais to watch the king eat. The pace is natural, thus slow. The meal is a ceremony that reveals more about the evolution and power and responsibility of the institution of monarchy than most overt commentary or dramatization could provide. "Save the Surface and You

Save All" is the slogan of a paint manufacturer; it is Rossellini's artistic credo here, and it works.

Music is also a strong element, in a unique way. At the start, we hear music of the period, and after it ceases, the picture seems to continue in the same stately tempo and sonority. From time to time, music rejoins the film, but always as if we had been hearing it all along.

The slow movement of the picture itself and of the characters within it has no relation to Eisenstein's tempo, where he often selects elements for Byzantine emphasis, nor to Antonioni's middle films, where he distends time for philosophic reasons. Rossellini is simply recreating life—no, not simply, of course, but with the main intent of verisimilitude. And the rhythm and shape of that life are caught so well that the verism eventually takes on aspects of abstraction.

We get very few explanations of Louis' radical decisions. We never go "into" his head, and we see only a little of the exercise of shrewdness—in a scene with his mother. But all of his acts are credible, largely because of the performance of the role. Jean-Marie Patte, short and plump and plain, clumps his way to genuine regality with the full assurance of gracelessness. His very lack of stature and his disregard of that fact convince us that there must really be something in a man who has such assurance despite those physical odds. As Mazarin, an Italian actor called Silvagni and, as Colbert, Raymond Jourdan fill solidly the spaces assigned to them in the composition. Rossellini casts a pretty actress (Joelle Laugeois) as the neglected queen and a merely handsome actress (Françoise Ponty) as the king's adored mistress. Neat.

The script by Philippe Erlanger and Jean Gruault has its mechanical moments. The opening creaks with old fashions: peasants discuss their troubles—for our edification—outside the chateau at Vincennes, then two doctors ride by en route to the sick cardinal, then we follow the doctors into the sickroom. The authors put a stranger in the court to whom another courtier can explain some things that need explaining to us. Rossellini, too, has a few awkward moments: more than once, a character gets up from a chair, takes a few steps, and returns to the chair. This trope, which is sup-

(Continued on page 32)

Hilton Kramer: Darkness Behind The Piety

The Van Wyck Brooks — Louis Mumford Letters: The Record of a Literary Friendship, 1921-1963

Edited by Robert E. Spiller

(Dutton; \$12.95)

In his Preface to this volume of letters which Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford exchanged over a period of forty-two years, Robert E. Spiller observes that the book is "unique in that it is so unliterary in the usual sense of gossip, incidental literary criticism, and the thrill of entree to the mysterious but nondescript [sic] world of literary and artistic personalities." Professor Spiller never questions why this should be the case, perhaps because the method he has adopted in editing this correspondence guarantees that the documents at hand will remain as far removed from their workaday literary context as their substance permits. "Letters have been chosen, cut, arranged, and paragraphed in such a way as to allow them to tell the single connected story of the joint quest for the origins, meanings, evolution, and future of American culture as a rebirth of the heritage of Western man," Professor Spiller writes. "Only enough of the personal annoyances, triumphs, discouragements, excitements, and even routines has been included to provide the human setting for this colloquy."

It cannot be denied that this style of editorial artifice—including the straight-faced use of such terms as "a rebirth of the heritage of Western man"—is a faithful expression of the culture pieties that dominated all of the work Van Wyck Brooks produced in the years of this correspondence and that even affected much (though I think not the best) of Mr. Mumford's writing in this period. But in designing this book as a reaffirmation of these pieties, Professor Spiller has only succeeded in creating still another obstacle to our true understanding of both these interesting but highly problematical authors. He has apparently set out to make of these letters a kind of pendant to Brooks' *Makers and Finders* series, and he has almost suc-

ceeded too well.

Fortunately, his success is not complete. The materials, even in this admittedly bowdlerized form, do not lend themselves to the benign moral which Professor Spiller is so anxious to have us draw from this volume. For the long friendship that is recorded in this correspondence was cemented in the years of Brooks' shattering mental collapse, which began in 1925 and persisted until the early thirties—an illness brought on by the unresolved conflicts inherent in the severely critical attitude Brooks brought to his early books on American culture. Brooks emerged from this ordeal a fragile, frightened man. In the early stages of his breakdown, he wrote to Mr. Mumford: "All my dubieties about America and the twentieth century have gone into the dust-heap," and his precarious mental rehabilitation in the thirties was predicated on an absolute refusal ever again to face the worst—either about the American culture he now began to celebrate with such uncritical and uninhibited enthusiasm or about his own need to think of himself as a patrician, yea-saying "idealist" in all matters pertaining to the spirit.

At the time of Brooks' collapse, Mr. Mumford was already something of a disciple—but a disciple, it must be recalled, of the writer who had written so brilliantly about the fundamental problems and the unfulfilled promises of American life, not the happy chronicler of its homely triumphs. Mr. Mumford responded to Brooks' breakdown with an exemplary sympathy, tenderness, and devotion, and contributed much in the way of moral sustenance to Brooks' recovery. But the reader of this correspondence cannot help noting the difficult obligation which Brooks' mental disposition placed upon Mr. Mumford's discre-

tion. Not only in the course of his friend's breakdown but in the long and productive years of his recovery, even indeed in the face of the enormous public success Brooks enjoyed after the publication of *The Flowering of New England and New England: Indian Summer*, Mr. Mumford could always be relied upon to lavish extravagant praise on Brooks' work, to withhold serious criticism, to re-enforce Brooks' growing sense of the solidity of his achievements, and, wherever possible, to ratify the correctness of his new attitude toward the world at large.

There is no question here of Mr. Mumford's sincerity; he certainly had more reasons than personal loyalty for welcoming the books which Brooks began writing in the thirties. To a certain degree, Mr. Mumford himself set the stage for them with *The Golden Day* (1926) and his biography of Melville (1929). Moreover, he shared with Brooks a nearly total isolation from and contempt for the most important literary accomplishments of their own contemporaries. Both seemed, in fact, quite unaware that they were living in an age of superlative literary achievement. Professor Spiller seems to share their myopia in this respect, at least to the extent of failing to recognize that it is precisely this distance from the literary vitality of their time that accounts for the "unliterary" character of their correspondence. Another editor might have found in this distance—so curious, after all, in two critics and historians who regarded themselves as serious curators of American literary culture—one of the "keys" to the materials he was bringing us, but Professor Spiller never allows himself the luxury of so critical a notion. Perhaps it would violate his sense of "American culture as a rebirth of the heritage of Western man."

However much Brooks and Mumford may have agreed about American literature, both past and present, they come through in these letters as men of very different interests and very different character. Mr. Mumford, with his robust appetite for politics, philosophy, architecture, and the vicissitudes of urban civilization and his crowded career as a lecturer and journalist, moves in the big world with an eager and unintimidated intelligence. He radiates an aura of health, energy, and worldly commitment. He

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responds not only to ideas but events with an urgency that is all the more impressive because of its contrast with the somewhat benumbed and bewildered attitude which Brooks customarily struck whenever some large, compelling crisis loomed in their exchanges. For Brooks more and more made of his work—the staggering quantities of reading and research, the meticulous and elegant writing, and even the success and adulation that came as their reward—a refuge from the world in which this work was pursued. Just as his writing—and the "positive" attitude that was embodied in it—functioned as an antidote to Brooks' interior malaise, so he came more and more to believe that his books offered some kind of spiritual cure for the larger illnesses of civilization. When he finally got around to mounting his attack on "negative" modern writers in the notorious *Opinions of Oliver Allston*, he was—in an almost literal sense—a man still fighting for his life. But by then he had so completely identified the health of civilization with his private peace of mind that he could believe with all sincerity he was fighting for something more than his own precarious sanity.

Not that Brooks was wholly oblivious to the political crisis of the thirties or unconscious of his own equivocal attitude toward it. In 1936, he actually ran for a seat in the Connecticut legislature on the Socialist ticket. But a year earlier he had confessed that this Socialist involvement was "mainly a sop to my conscience for not doing anything else," and even as he was preparing to run for state office, he clearly spoke from the heart when he wrote: "I'd like to go to sleep for twenty years and have the rest of my life postponed a little." More than he ever realized, perhaps, he *had*—in some sense—gone to sleep already, dreaming his Arcadian dream of the American past.

Inevitably, the war rudely interrupted this sleep from time to time, if only because it brought out the real differences that separated Brooks from the political activities of Mr. Mumford, whose energies were now fully engaged in propagandizing for the war against Hitler. Brooks became more and more of an isolationist—"I welcome anything that reduces British prestige in our population"—and never seemed to grasp the depth of Mr. Mumford's feelings in the matter, or

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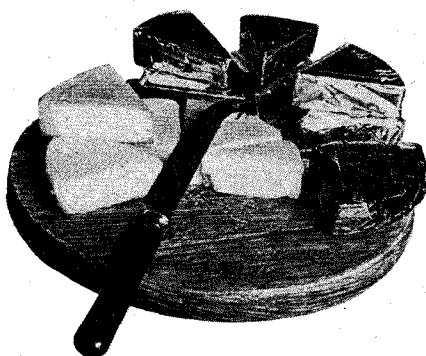
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indeed the reasons for it, until the latter was finally driven to provoke the only real rifts that occur in this correspondence. The first involved Brooks' isolationist position; the second, his support of an award to Charles Beard, who, because of his own isolationist attitude and his virulent attacks on F.D.R., became in Mr. Mumford's eyes an arch villain beyond redemption. Brooks was severely shaken by this open disagreement, while Mr. Mumford was characteristically generous once the episode was past, and in the end Brooks announced his intention to write a book about Mumford, a work he never lived to complete. Their correspondence ended in a glow of mutual admiration and affection.

If Mr. Mumford emerges in this volume as the more "real" in his relation to the world he inhabits, Brooks nonetheless comes through as the more

interesting figure. The wounds and fears and contradictions he exhibits establish him as a more vivid and representative personality. What is arguably Mr. Mumford's most important work—his criticism of contemporary architecture and urban design—is scarcely mentioned in these letters, whereas the progress of Brooks' major writings is discussed at length, for these writings constituted the only real world Brooks inhabited in these years. The *Letters* thus belong to Brooks' oeuvre in a way they do not belong to Mr. Mumford's. Despite Professor Spiller's editorial vagaries, the book is a useful reminder of just how complex and interesting a subject Brooks will be for a future biographer—not, I daresay, because of the kind of "colloquy" that has been fashioned in these pages, but because of the painful, haunted life that lies almost but not quite hidden in them.

Amos Wilder: Churchless Christian

Dietrich Bonhoeffer
by Eberhard Bethge

(Harper & Row; \$17.95)

It is quite evident today that Bonhoeffer's name must be included with those of such figures as Barth, Tillich, Buber, Bultmann, John XXIII, as of seminal importance in the religious life of our period. In his action and in his writings he is fatefully linked with that whole change of climate we associate with the "honest-to-God" debate, secularization, the "death of God," and, in general, taking Christianity out of its ghetto.

A considerable public already has heard of him as, like Niemöller, a leader of the Confessing Church in the Hitler regime, like him imprisoned by the Gestapo but unlike him executed—actually, as late as April 1945 as the armies of the Allies swept into Germany. Many have heard of his letters from prison with their astonishing plea for the proper worldliness of the life of the Christian, "the non-religious inter-

pretation of Biblical terms in a world come of age." Interest has attached to him as one who early opposed the Nazi "Aryan clause" against the Jews not only because of its encroachment on the province of the Church but on grounds of humanity, and as one who moved from pacifism to a forthright conspiratorial role against the Nazi hierarchy.

The great value of the present biography and the justification for its exhaustive detail lies in the full context now available for understanding this kind of Christian worldliness and especially for rightly assessing those pregnant but ambiguous formulations in his letters which have lent themselves to misuse. It will no longer be possible for pietist Christians (or for traditionally minded churchmen in Germany) to claim defensively that Bonhoeffer's

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political activism had nothing to do with his Christian faith. Nor will it be possible for some of our "death of God" radicals to go on claiming him, and to deny his essential orthodoxy with respect to Christ, the Church and the sacraments.

No one could have assembled and interpreted this material better than Bethge who was first a student of Bonhoeffer, then closely associated with him as friend and collaborator, the recipient of many of the letters from prison. He had later to deal with totalitarian pressure on the Church, this time on the Communist front in Berlin. The Church everywhere today faced by less dramatic but all the more insidious seductions of a conformist society can learn many of its most needed lessons from such initiates.

Bonhoeffer was born in 1906 in Breslau. His father later became head of the department of psychiatry and neurology in the University of Berlin, and the large family had wide-ranging connections with leading cultural and academic circles. Two brothers and two brothers-in-law forfeited their lives as a consequence of their part in the underground resistance to Hitlerism. Dietrich's own commitment to the Church and to theology represented an exception in the family tradition. He carried broad humanistic interests into his calling and these "secular" sensitivities were often chafed by the parochialism of the religious institution. He qualified for a teaching career as well as for the ministry, with studies under Harnack at Berlin, but also with a year at Union Theological Seminary, New York; later coming under the influence of Karl Barth. After 1931 he finds it necessary to fit into "a society which politically, socially and economically was heading for chaos."

He is soon involved in the struggles of the Confessing Church against the decrees and impositions of the government and the theological sophistries of the German Christians. Debarred from his university post he heads up a harassed seminary of the resistance. When this is closed he carries on camouflaged theological education and deputations among the faithful, and makes ecumenical contacts abroad as leverage in part against the captive organs of the church bureaucracy. A good part of the book is taken up with the detailed chess-moves both of the state-church authorities against such dissident elements and of the latter as they sought to elude restraints, housesearches, in-

terrogations, expulsions, confiscations. Meanwhile those in the Counter Espionage section of the Reich government who were involved in plans to overthrow the regime and to assassinate Hitler drew him into their activities. He used ostensibly innocent visits to England, Geneva and Sweden—in his capacity as an ecumenical secretary—not only to array the German-speaking churches abroad on the side of the Confessing Church but to prompt political measures, notably in Churchill's government, favorable to the conspiracy.

In this role Bonhoeffer entered into an ethical and religious no-man's-land. In effect he was not only a man without a country, but a Christian without a Church. He had long disavowed the puppet Evangelical Church and now he had stepped beyond the Confessing Church. As to his country we have the often quoted reply he made to Visser 't Hooft when the latter asked him in Zurich in 1941 as to what he "really prayed for." "If you want to know; I pray for the defeat of my country . . ." Later commentators have drawn attention to the irony, however, that if he had lived after the war, the occupying powers might well have found him guilty under the de-Nazification laws.

Thus Bonhoeffer was finally dissatisfied with a Christian ethic of non-violence and in effect rejoined the main theological tradition justifying tyrannicide. One thing that the book makes abundantly clear, however, is that any such commitment to political action must be safeguarded as to its motives. However "secular" his life of action became it was always controlled by what he called his "arcane discipline" in Scripture and prayer. What is interesting here is that his theology was highly Christo-centric, a position which usually points toward love and non-violence. His humanism or "worldliness" was based on the human Jesus (the incarnation) rather than upon the doctrine of creation so abused by the Nazi Christians who read out of it their Aryan sophistries of blood and soil. Bonhoeffer's position takes care of man as a political animal more satisfactorily than many forms of Christian ethic today which have the stamp of improvisation or tend to be quixotic.

But this area was only one aspect of his worldly theology. He was able to strike off in arresting ways the situation of the modern believer whose older categories, intellectual and symbolic, have become empty and constricting. So he spoke of a non-religious inter-

pretation and worked for a repossession of faith at the crossroads of experience rather than at its spiritual margins. He had from early years been impatient with the privacy, privilege, marginality of the Church as over against the great world of culture and the main currents of the age.

If one reviews the most influential figures in the religious life of our period — from Rozenzweig to Buber, from Albert Schweitzer to Barth and Tillich — it is perhaps a truism to say that they all won their insights out of immediate wrestling with the disorders of the epoch. We say the same about the great names in modern letters. In letters, however, we can distinguish witnesses like Silone, Camus, Malraux, Orwell who not only wrote about the modern revolutionary situation but whose accents and rhetorics emerge directly out of the public drama. So it is with Bonhoeffer whose legacy as compared with those even of Barth and Bultmann is distinctive in that its rhetoric was forged in the actual throes of the apocalyptic struggle — and where this struggle involved the secular as well as the religious fate of the period. Thus it is that his most fateful words come to us as clandestine signals, aphorisms, prayers, avowals, whose import therefore has all the wider resonance.

Jonathan Yardley: After the One Book

The Green Man by Kingsley Amis

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$5.95)

In the sixteen years since *Lucky Jim* appeared, a happy event, Kingsley Amis has enjoyed considerable commercial success but precious little artistic growth. Once perhaps the most promising of the young English anti-heroic novelists, he seems now disgruntled and jejune; though he is still ambitious, still attempting to make what is fashionably called "his statement," his work is little more than mildly diverting entertainment pasted over with embarrassingly obvious thematic trumpeting.

That is too bad. Amis has persistently shown himself to be a writer of genuine gifts and perceptions. The mordant

social satire of his best work (*Lucky Jim*, *Take a Girl Like You*, *One Fat Englishman*) is neatly complemented by broad, and very funny, comedy. His dialogue is witty (too witty, possibly, too "British"), his descriptive touch observant and unobtrusive. His insights are sharp, quick flashes of unexpected, often delightful, revelation.

Yet that may be precisely the trouble. Though Amis tries to reach high, his work is consistently minor: small in scope, small most of all in emotion. He may be, of course, a one-book writer; there is evidence in all his work of mining the *Lucky Jim* vein well past the point of exhaustion. But the brittleness of his work has, I think, a deeper and more disturbing source: Amis simply does not like people very much. Not only that, he acknowledges his misanthropy and dislikes himself for it, thus leaving no one on the planet for whom he can work up the compassion that gives depth to fiction; even his heroes, or anti-heroes, are regarded with the same coldly analytical condescension with which they themselves view the moil of humanity. His clinical attitude may yield a useful dispassion, but the net result is thoroughly bloodless.

The Green Man reveals Amis in all his aspects. Though ballyhooed as a new departure ("Who," the dust jacket asks, "would have predicted that Kingsley Amis might someday write a novel dealing with the supernatural?"), it is strictly old hat. That means it is frequently funny, tedious when the dialogue turns weighty, determinedly suave, a shade too nimble in plot — and in the end it somehow manages to leave one with a faintly sour taste.

Maurice Allinton is the proprietor of The Green Man ("... a genuine coaching inn less than 40 miles from London"), middle-aged, extravagantly hypochondriacal ("I was putting the Volkswagen into gear when a dull pain of irregular but defined shape switched itself on in my left lower back, a little below the waistline"), sexually eager but exploitative, sarcastic and argumentative, superficially self-confident but inwardly-tortured, especially by fears of death. There will be those who will find his wit dry and telling, but I cannot imagine that many will find him worth caring about.

For those who are interested, suffice it to say that he becomes supernaturally involved with a ghost named Dr. Thomas Underhill, a 17th century owner of the inn who when alive shared

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Maurice's sexual appetites and who caused two murders to be committed. In the course of his examination of the Underhill mystery (which he solves with a minimum of suspense), Maurice engages in soporific inquiries into death, immortality, free will versus determinism, the nature of God and the relevance of the established church. A heady brew indeed.

When the brew is not thematic it is alcoholic or sexual, sometimes both. Maurice is a champion sot who has the ingenuity to choose "one of those light-coloured Scotches so handy for the man who wants a stronger potion than he cares to advertise to his company." In bed his great ambition is to organize an orgy among his wife, his newly acquired mistress and himself. It occurs a few hours after the funeral of his octogenarian father ("Let's make it soon. What about tomorrow? 'Isn't your father's funeral tomorrow?' 'Yes, but that'll be all over by lunch-time'") and it is Amis at his best:

I climbed in beside Diana and started kissing her shoulders and available ear and the back of her neck,

none of which seemed to make much special difference to anybody. I found it difficult to slide my arm round under her arm, because Joyce's arm was thereabouts too, and impossible to touch more than the outer side of Diana's breast, because Joyce's breast was against the remainder of it. When I tried the same sort of thing at a lower level, I came across the top of Joyce's thigh. . . . I told myself I was not going to give up, said so aloud, said a lot more things, managing to stay just this side of whining and abuse, moved round the bed to behind Joyce, and got no change there either.

The ladies, as the passage suggests, give Maurice an unexpected but richly deserved comeuppance, and the unlikely nature of their revenge almost makes *The Green Man* worth what Maurice might call "a go." But since its relationship to *Lucky Jim* is, to borrow from Amis, "the same sort of thing at a lower level," one's evening may be more entertainingly and profitably spent. Read one Amis, alas, and you've read 'em all.

James Finn: Travel Within

Ecuador: A Travel Journal by Henri Michaux

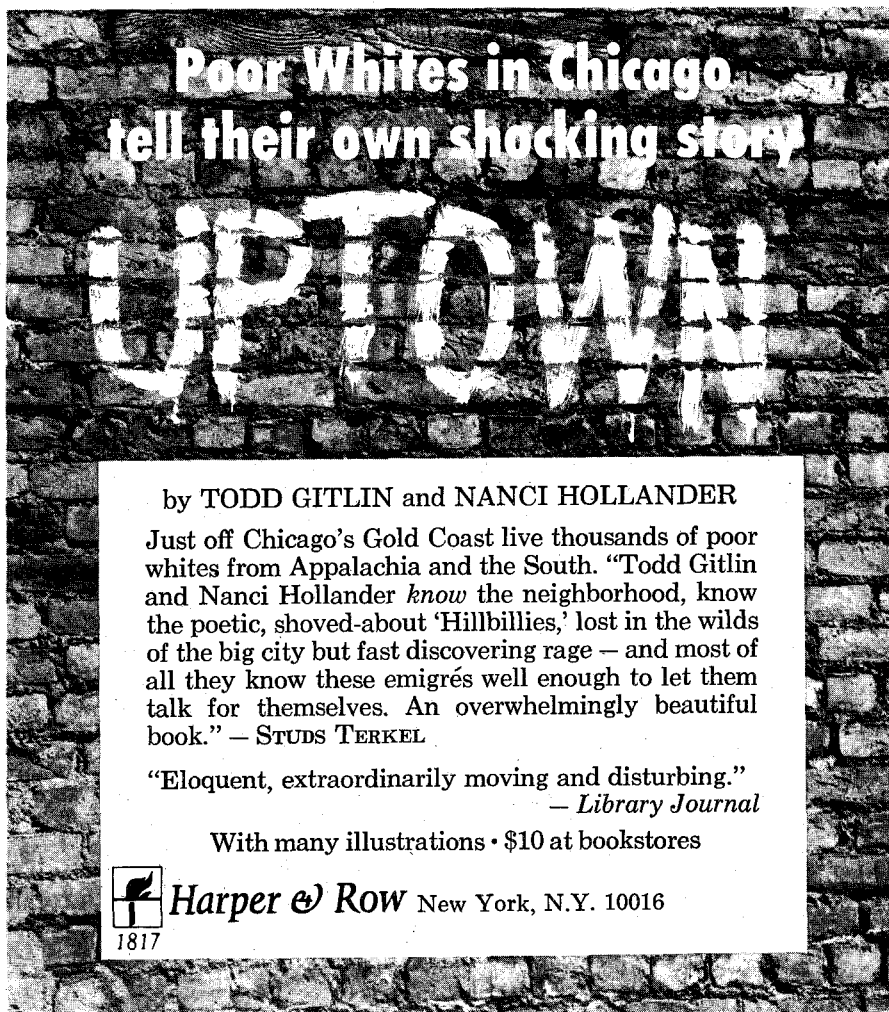
(U. of Washington; \$4.95)

There is no true journey that is not also inward. We travel not only to see other people and other places, but to see ourselves more clearly. That, at least, is conventional wisdom and in this instance I subscribe to it. To remove oneself from the familiar, from all those lilt and nuances and references and allusions that serve as reliable signposts, and to put one's self into circumstances in which one's reality must be built up out of a combination of the familiar, the strange, and that treacherous area between them—to do this is to refresh and test one's self, to discover and possibly to reconstruct parts of one's self.

For years Michaux's travel journal, first published in 1929, has had a shadowy existence in my own mind attended by a constant but apparently weak intention "to read it someday." This intention was strengthened recently when I spent a couple of months travelling through a number of South American countries, and by the publication of this first—and good—translation of the journal into English. In his brief, incisive introduction translator Robert Magowan describes *Ecuador* as "the first wholly modern travel book," and this description of the journal Michaux kept as he travelled from Amsterdam to Quito, down the Amazon to Brazil and back to Paris seems to me completely accurate. It is not simply because of Michaux's quotable observations, although some of those are startlingly pertinent. Could one easily date, for example, such observations as these, now over four decades old:

There is no longer a means of living, we explode, we go to war, we perpetrate evil of all sorts; we are, in a word, incapable of remaining any longer on this rind. We are in mortal pain; both from the dimensions as they now stand, and from the lack of any future dimension to which we can turn, now that our tour of the earth has been done to death.

People often ask why the young



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of this generation are in despair. One reason is that they realize they are being sacrificed. They envisage the golden time. But they will not live in it. Would any of them not accept having his life stop in order to live in the year 2500?

It is quite true that always, at any one given time, the old man is out of date. The present is for him an exoticism.

But what have such observations to do with Ecuador? Pertinent or not, interesting or not, they could as easily be made without stirring from one's room. Exactly! And so says Michaux: "Now my mind is made up. This whole journey is a trap. Travelling does not broaden you so much as make you sophisticated, 'up-to-date,' taken in by the superficial with that really stupid look of a fellow serving on a beauty prize jury." But Michaux says many things: incomplete, contradictory, trite, perceptive, simply descriptive, sometimes with a strength that comes from an acute perception of an object combined with a highly individuated way of placing that object in the world. *Ecuador* is modern less because of the particular kinds of observations Michaux makes than because of his way of evaluating and presenting them. Incomplete and fragmentary by intention, the notations, poems and insights must jostle against each other for attention. They are not formed or finished so that Michaux might present *Ecuador* as "My Observations and Reflections on the Land and People of Ecuador." This small volume presents a sensibility whose horizons shift and change, and my charge of inconsistency really misses the mark, being more appropriate to pre-modern works where an established character, a *persona*, makes his way through that externally fixed and objective world in which he has his temporary being.

Coming upon *Ecuador* today one cannot, except by an act of imagination, appreciate the revolutionary thing it was when it was first published, nor the risk that Michaux took in those days. But the risk and the kind of adventure in which he engaged deserve to be compared with that of other great innovative writers of our own time. Like them, he is powerful, incomplete, shifting, strangely satisfying and dissatisfying. There is a man in *Ecuador* with whom one can establish a relation, a relation that will shift and change over the years.

Notable

Optimism One by F. M. Esfandiary

(W. W. Norton; \$5.95)

Here is a wild Iranian who "grew up in the pre-technological world" and likes everything that it is now unfashionable to like. He likes computers, jets, cities, bigness, the media. He says "the machine has enabled the individual to become *less* machinelike." He adds, "the machine is also helping humanize us."

Believing in the modern world, he is naturally averse to the old one. People were robots long before the industrial revolution. "They lived like machines ages before machines were invented." How?

They used the same equipments, plowed and sowed and harvested in the same manner, used the same irrigation methods, worked the same hours, the same days, the same seasons. Entire societies worshipped the same gods, recited the very same words of prayer . . . Even today take any pre-technological town in, say, southern Spain or Ecuador – all the local people dress alike, think alike, sound alike.

Here are a few other "myths" he destroys. That we no longer have privacy. That we have identity problems. That man is more alienated from man than he used to be. That man is more estranged from nature than he used to be. That man is more violent than he used to be. No, everything is dandy: "There is more love in the world today than ever before. This is not surprising. Mankind is now better nourished, better cared for, more loved than at any time in the past." Nothing is wrong with the world except that there are pessimists in it. Get rid of them, especially the middle-aged liberal types. "Optimism is revolutionary. Pessimism is old world and reactionary."

This is really a very funny book. Esfandiary gives us a good many samples of what an optimist should think and do, and he rises to great heights of forensic in asking us to get on with the job of the future. Perhaps his most striking instance of dynamic optimist thinking is contained in these quotes. A

dynamic Arab is one who says "some Jews have taken over a small portion of our land. The hell with it." A dynamic Jew is one who says "the maintenance of a Jewish homeland has lost relevance." The book will doubtless have a tremendous sale and produce Optimism Two Three Four. Bruce Barton, the boosters, Dale Carnegie and other luminaries of the optimist past have met their match. Even death is just a temporary difficulty – "immortality is only another phase in evolution." One "myth" that Esfandiary will find difficult exploding, however, is the one that anything can get published these days if it is extravagant enough.

Timetable for Disaster by Don Widener

(Nash; \$6.95)

As if to prove the extravagance myth (see above) Don Widener has come through with a gloom extravagance, *Timetable for Disaster*, that perhaps should be called *Pessimism 6063*. What happens when a PR man takes on pollution and all that? – for one thing he gets himself an extravagant blurb:

Timetable for Disaster is the most important single work published on the subject of mankind's most pressing problem – environmental pollution.

For another he gets himself an introduction by a Name: Jack Lemmon. And finally he churns out a facile shock-effect document containing journalistic black humor and interviews with concerned experts. In the back is the transcript of a TV show of which Widener was the producer, called "The Slow Guillotine," a winner of important awards for "investigative journalism." ("Investigative Journalism" is a misnomer; it is not an instance of investigation, but of show and tell.) Both the book itself and the transcript are examples of a new Naderish breed of media activity – lobbying the public in behalf of some good cause that the lobbying of legislators hasn't helped. Even when the cause is a *super* good one like anti-pollution, there are the usual aged and boring and avoidable dangers inherent in partisanship and PR. Not one danger did Widener avoid. To read him is to yearn with supreme illogic for Esfandiary.

Nassau W. Senior by S. Leon Levy

(Augustus M. Kelley; \$12.50)

Persons who thrill to the names of Ricardo, Malthus and John Stuart Mill necessarily are interested in Nassau W. Senior, a man whose profound originality of thought may well have played a major part in earning for early nineteenth century economics its reputation as the dismal science. Yet Nassau was a many-sided man, with wider activities than a passion for political economy. His circle of friends and acquaintances included Fanny Kemble the actress, de Tocqueville the expert on American and French revolutions, Daniel Webster, the British Foreign Secretary Lord Palmerston, and many others. S. Leon Levy examines him in his roles of critical essayist, classical economist and adviser to governments, but his book is more than the sum of its parts, for it provides an excellent portrait of an age, unforgettable and unhappily unlikely ever to be repeated.

Senior's friend Bingham Baring,

member of the Political Economy Club and son of the famous financier Alexander Baring (who, with other members of his family, occupied five seats in the House of Commons) was struck on the hat with a stick by a nineteen-year-old ploughboy, for which offence the latter was hanged shortly thereafter.

Senior's contribution to an understanding of this particular dissent was his considered opinion, as an expert in the theory of wages, that it was all the fault of the poor laws, which sought to have labourers paid not according to their value (ascertained by the laws of supply and demand) but according to their wants.

For discriminating palates this biography is a nice dry sherry.

The Second Arab Awakening by Jon Kimche

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$6.95)

Collectors of tired clichés know that the Middle East is a kaleidoscope of shifting political patterns. But what fascinating, what outrageously unpredictable combinations! Pluck any handful of pages at random from Jon Kimche's diplomatic history of the area, and the kaleidoscope whirls as he twirls. For example:

In the fall of 1954, President Nasser was talking confidently about an impending Turkish-Egyptian alliance. The "two great republics of the Middle East" were about to come together to constitute "a tremendous force" of 50 million people. The initiative was Nasser's; and he had no objections to a *de facto* arrangement with Britain and the United States as well, for the defense of the Middle East. But the ground was suddenly cut from under his feet. Britain and the United States, it seemed, preferred stable Iraq under sound old pro-Westerner Nuri Said, to unstable Egypt under a too radical Nasser who probably had no future. And the Turks also decided that the Iraqis would, after all, prove better military partners than the Egyptians.

Meanwhile, Nasser was unable to restrain the Muslim Brotherhood from

making marauding raids into Israel. The Brothers, 200,000 strong, were in effective control of the Egyptian Army in the Gaza Strip, rather than Nasser being in control. Nasser executed some and arrested hundreds more but still couldn't control them. Moreover, having executed Muslim Brothers, Nasser was obliged to hang two Jewish spies, for balance, though he had promised not to; nor could he prevent the army in Gaza carrying terrorist attacks deep into Israel.

So General Dayan organized an Israeli counter-raid which resulted, quite unexpectedly, in the total defeat of the Egyptian Army, in February 1955. This convinced the Turks they had been right to reject Nasser; they could not foresee that within four years their preferred partner, Nuri, would be murdered in an Iraqi revolution that today for all practical purposes is still going on, twelve years later.

The effect on Nasser of his army's defeat was to send him off to Bandung, where in April 1955 he told Chou En-lai, the Chinese prime minister, that to protect himself from the terrible Israelis he'd have to accept Western military help on the West's terms—unless the Communist countries were interested in helping him on theirs? Chou said China hadn't got arms to give, but he'd soon be visiting Moscow and would raise the matter there. Not two weeks passed before the Soviet Union was offering to let Nasser have all the arms and equipment he needed, and build him an Aswan Dam too. When John Foster Dulles announced the United States wouldn't build Nasser a dam, it was because he'd found out—as Nasser meant him to after stringing him along awhile—that the Russians had bagged Egypt first.

Since then, Mr. Kimche maintains, the kaleidoscope has been turning on a Russian-Egyptian axis.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES FINN is editor of *worldview*, monthly journal of the Council on Religion and International Affairs. HILTON KRAMER is art critic for The New York Times. The latest book by AMOS WILDER is *The New Voice: Religion, Literature, Hermeneutics* (Herder and Herder, 1969). JONATHAN YARLEY is book editor for the Greensboro Daily News.

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Correspondence

Disfranchise the Old

Sirs:

Professor Douglas Stewart advocates (NR, August 29) that all persons lose the vote at retirement or age 70, or at 55 when crossing state lines . . . Professor Stewart's problem is that since 1958 he's seen only one year in California—at La Jolla. If the Goodell-Ottinger-Buckley race were decided only by retirees in Oyster Bay, who would win? The fact is, for every La Jolla or Leisure World elder there are five in Venice or La Puente, Fresno or Oakland, or the Sawtelle Veterans' home (the nation's largest) whose stake in present government policy is urgent. The 66-year-old crippled lady whom I registered last week to vote for the first time in years because of her fury at Reagan's cuts in aid to the aged and disabled knows . . .

Actually, if the Californians between 21 and 29, whose turnout on election day is lower than any other identifiable group's—including blacks and Chicanos—would all vote, they'd easily outnumber the retirees. It's their failure that sends us desperately seeking after the 18-20-year-olds to get a few more anti-Reagan votes.

(Mrs.) Joy Thornton
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

The trouble with such deadpan put-ons as that by D. J. Stewart is that some humorless youngsters are apt to take its freedom characterizations of California's population mix as fact. One flinches at the prospect of endless solemn articles and dissertations to come gravely citing Stewart to picture California—California??—as a gerontocracy. And just think of what those fleeing millions (people) and billions (dollars) must have done to Iowa! Only the youth left there, I guess! Of course the old are wicked—just as, equally obviously, the young, being innocent, must have a lock on virtue. But Pops isn't yet all bad: if nothing else, at least he still pays—you know, "free" tuition. Devious scoundrel!

Byron D. Mack
New York City

Sirs:

. . . California ranks 34th among the states in the estimated proportion of the population 65 and over according to the US Administration on Aging, and the percentage of oldsters (8.8) below the national figure (9.6). Moreover, three of the four states Professor Stewart regards as sources of older migrants most responsible for polluting California's politics—Iowa, Nebraska, and Arkansas—rank among the top seven states in the proportion of older persons with 12.5, 12.3, and 11.4 percent respectively. If Professor Stewart is really in earnest, there is a simpler way to combat the menace he sees in the votes of retirees. According to the American Association of Retired Persons, about three-fourths of the citizens 55 years of age and over voted in the last Presidential election whereas only about half of those 21 to 25 went to the polls. Thus rather than deprive a minority group of its civil rights, he should persuade more younger people to become responsible citizens.

Robert T. Lansdale
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

Douglas J. Stewart . . . has done what I confidently believed impossible: he makes Reagan look liberal.

George V. Higgins
Hingham, Mass.

Sirs:

. . . I read Douglas Stewart's article to my 75-year-old mother. . . After hearing for the umpteenth time this morning a commercial advertising a product which is supposed to prevent perspiration, she remarked, "If you people don't stop closing up your pores, you won't live to be disenfranchised."

Phyllis A. Yoho
Monticello, New York

Sirs:

. . . The old are already disenfranchised every way except to vote, and now Douglas J. Stewart would confiscate that rusty musket too. (To be sure, being past 30 and wanting to stay his own execution, he hoists the cutoff age to 55) . . .

Arch L. Crossley
Waterford, Conn.

Sirs:

. . . the old have been disenfranchised already to an appalling extent. Despite the situation in Southern California, the aged are generally quite poor and politically impotent, living lonely lives on puny pensions in out-of-the-way tenement houses or, perhaps worse, in prison-like old age homes . . .

Thomas Wagner
New York City

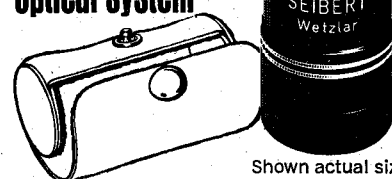
Sirs:

. . . A higher proportion of the elderly live in poverty in this country than does any other sector of society. Elderly people are the main targets for street crime, including needless and brutal assault. In most large cities, they have been reduced to semi-imprisonment since they are too frightened to go out at night. However, their deprivation of economic and physical resources is not enough for Mr. Stewart. He would take away whatever political resources they have as well . . .

George Berkley
Assistant Professor,
Northeastern University

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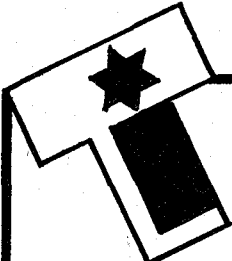
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haverhill's

Sirs:

... Perhaps the most telling criticism of the old, which Mr. Stewart omitted to make, is that the young are undeniably the product of the old ... If



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things have turned out as badly in California as he says, it seems doubtful if merely taking the franchise away from the old and giving it to the young will solve the problem, because it is difficult to tell whether second childhood is less responsible than the first, even though it may be less appealing. . .

Herbert T. Leasure
Lynbrook, N.Y.

Sirs:

... If his view should gain significant support we can all start in earnest to fear for The Republic. . .

James Baggott
Lansdowne, Pa.

Tie for Third

Sirs:

In the editorial "Number One Target" that appears in the August 29th issue, the writer states that Tennessee had "the highest combined percentage of Nixon and Wallace votes (72 percent) in the nation in 1968." Tennessee's actual percentage of their combined votes, 71.8 percent, was in fact shared with Louisiana. Ahead of both of them were Alabama (79.9 percent), Mississippi (77 percent), and Georgia (73.1 percent).

Steven Shore
New York City

Allen Ginsberg

Sirs:

I have just come across Reed Whittemore's review of Allen Ginsberg's *Indian Journals* in your issue of July 25, and feel it necessary to make some comments. I was 17 years old when "Howl" was published in 1956, and that poem spoke very directly to my budding cultural and social awareness. In the mid-1950s, a young man desperately needed some assurance that his revulsion with the current state of things was valid. Ginsberg provided that assurance and became

the spokesman for a generation.

Later he moved more and more into the realms of mysticism and drugs. Not all of his early admirers shared these pursuits, but those who did have found regions of mind and soul, and a depth in life's experience, that could scarcely have been imagined in those dreary fifties. To dismiss these as "the destroyed ones," and their quest as "mind-destroying," as Whittemore has done, is to confess an appalling ignorance about a generation.

Whittemore's main problem, I think, is that he sees Ginsberg as a leader—a "wicked pied piper," "guru," "influential loudmouth," "eccentric evangelist." There may be a few lost souls who see Ginsberg as this kind of savior, but I am sure this is an infrequent and temporary occurrence. Ginsberg is not a leader, he is a poet. He does not persuade us to do this or that, he expresses for us the beauty and the humanity and the pathos and the terror which we feel. And when Reed Whittemore comes along with a statement like: "and so, with the remarkable timing that has marked his career, Ginsberg went thoroughly Eastern"—then I despair at the gulf which separates me from him."

Allen Ginsberg has been for me not an example to follow, not a teacher whose counsel I seek, but a brother who stands by me (figuratively—we have never met) and tells me that my wanderings in the mysteries of life and the world are necessary and true.

Quin Wilson
Ross, Calif.

Kauffman, from page 20

posed to add movement to a static scene, is only staginess.

But the picture is a serene, savory delight. To the French, this account of the Sun King's self-realization must be rich with reverberations. To other viewers, lots of other historical parallels are available. More important than such parallels is the beauty with which a certain portion of past time is made to flow through the glass once again. This is the work of a film-maker calm and sure enough to relax without being lax: enjoying the fruit of long experience in the ease and clarity with which he is now able to work.

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Lester Davis is a friendly, dark-eyed little boy whose smile can light up an entire room. But for most of his six years, he hasn't had much to smile about.

Lester lives in Laurel Creek, an Appalachian town of 200 people in a county with a per capita income of \$557 a year. Like most of the other people of Laurel Creek, Lester lives in a three-room weatherboard house, along with his mother and father and nine brothers and sisters. They have no well, and of course no inside plumbing. So Lester's mother, Tressie, carries all the family water up from the nearby creek.

Lester's father, Ray, used to work in the coal mines, but since the mines "played out" he's been unemployed. As Tressie admits, "It's awful hard going. We never could get us a good start before." They still wouldn't have a "start" if it weren't for the Cossum family.

Ed and Martha Cossum live in a suburban community of contemporary homes. Looking out back you can see one of those large, above-



ground plastic swimming pools. And you can see the beginnings of a redwood deck around the pool, which Ed and his two children, Bill and Carol, are building themselves.

Ed is a systems analyst. He spends most of his day thinking about third generation computers. Fortunately, Ed and Martha also think about this generation of children living in Appalachia.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Cossums are helping Lester and his family. They contribute \$15 a month. Though it's not a lot of money, the Cossums could probably have done a lot of other things with it.

The Cossums' contribution will be made available to the Davises not as a gift, or charity, but as a loan. An interest-free loan which Lester's father can borrow to begin a self-help project.

Mr. Davis already has a project in mind. He plans to use the Cos-



sums' money to buy and feed two cows, then sell the calves as they come along. As Mr. Davis says, "A man likes to find ways to take care of his own family."

Already there is a new feeling of hope in the Davis family, and confidence and pride in their ability to help themselves.

That really is what Save The Children is all about. Although contributions are deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy one child a new pair of overalls or a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give people a little boost to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other Appalachian children and American Indian children, as well as children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece.

As a sponsor you will receive a photo and history of the child, progress reports and a chance to correspond.

The Cossums know they can't save the world for \$15 a month. Only a little piece of it. But maybe that is the way to save the world, if enough people care. How about you?

Save The Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Financial statements on request.

National Sponsors (partial list): Claude Arpels, Faith Baldwin, Hon. James A. Farley, Andy Griffith, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J.C. Penney, Norman Rockwell, Frank Sinatra

Save The Children Federation

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☐ AMERICAN INDIAN ☐ APPALACHIA ☐ KOREA ☐ GREECE
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ENCLOSED IS MY FIRST PAYMENT

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☐ \$90.00 SEMI-ANNUALLY ☐ \$180.00 ANNUALLY

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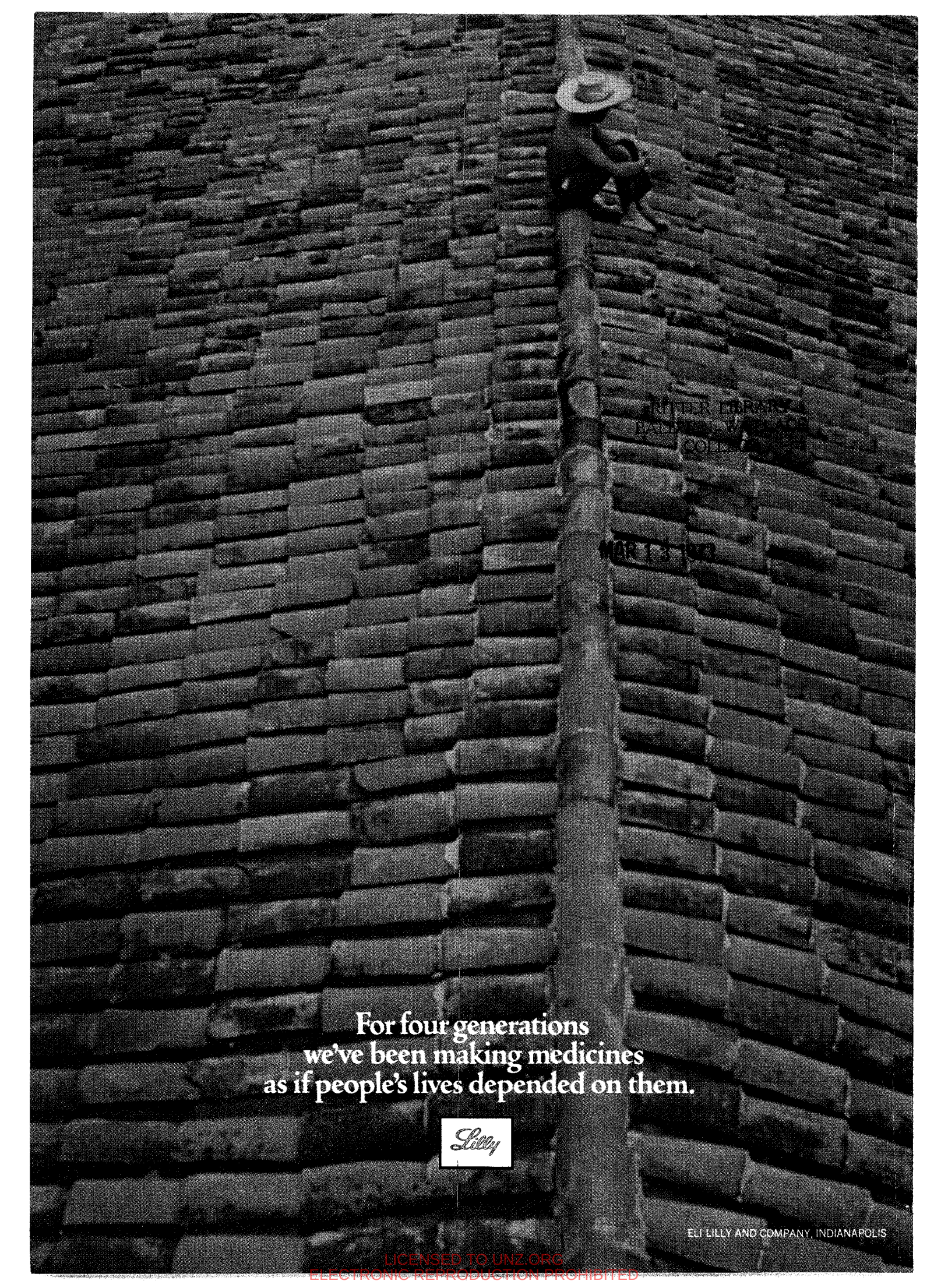
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